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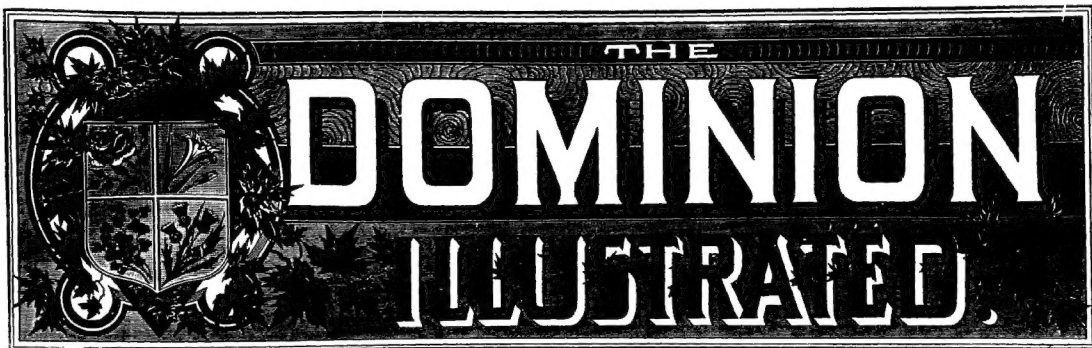
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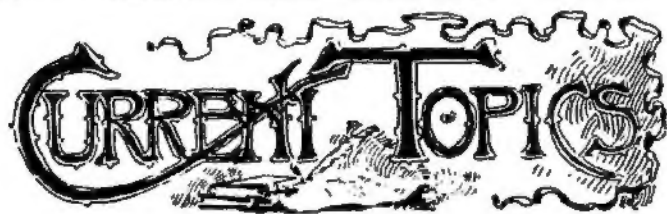
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The seventh volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, just issued by Messrs. Dawson Brothers, contains a paper of more than ordinary value on "Expeditions to the Pacific," by Mr. Sanford Fleming, C.M.G. Two maps (those of De l'Isle, 1752, and of Jeffrey, 1768), reproduced from the works of H. H. Bancroft, illustrate the extraordinary misconceptions as to the configuration of the northern shores of this continent that prevailed until a comparatively late date. The most interesting portion of the paper to Canadian students is that which deals with the overland expeditions. Its great value lies in the fact that the author is thoroughly acquainted with the routes and scenes that he describes. The first period of land exploration westward extends from 1793 to 1846, and is mainly associated with the efforts of the fur companies to expand the limits of their domain. Sir Alexander Mackenzie takes the lead. Mr. Fleming gives a lucid sketch of his career, with a vivid pen portrait of the man, based on Lawrence's painting. He next treats of the travels and discoveries of Mr. Simon Fraser (1805-1808), whose descent of the river that bears his name is strikingly described in Senator Masson's work, "Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest." The explorations of David Thompson (1790-1811), Alexander Henry (1811-14), Gabriel Fanchère (1814), Ross Cox (1812-17), D. W. Harman (1800-19), Alexander Ross (1811-25), John McLeod (1822-26), Sir G. Simpson (1828), David Douglas (1825-34), and Robert Campbell (1830-43) next come under notice. The period that follows closes with the old régime of the Union. It is led off by Mr. Paul Kane (1846-48), who is mentioned so frequently by Sir Daniel Wilson in his "Prehistoric Man"—Indian life and character being the chosen themes of that artist's pencil. The Earl of Southesk, who accompanied Sir George Simpson on his last trip to Red River, journeyed thence to the heart of the Rockies, reached the sources of the Bow River, and returned by the South Saskatchewan and Forts Carlton and Pelly. Captain Palliser, with Dr. Hector (whose unhappy experience is commemorated in the name of the Kicking Horse) and other associates undertook (1857-60) explorations, the results of which are contained in a report presented to the Imperial Parliament. Mr. M. Lawrin, a veteran miner (1861), made the journey from Quesnelle Mouth to Fort Garry. Dr. A. P. Reid and five others suffered much distress in reaching Fort Colville (June 13—November 26, 1861). This last adventure brings the record down to the migration of the immigrants of 1862, of which we gave an outline in our last issue. The travels of Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle (1862-63) and the journey of Dr. John Rae (1864) bring the history of the North-West exploration to the era of Confederation.

This fruitful era, which is triumphantly closed by the completion of our transcontinental railway, virtually begins with Mr. Fleming's remarkable expedition, the story of which is instructively and charmingly told in Principal Grant's "Ocean to Ocean." His second journey in 1883 practically closes the list of overland journeys of exploration (if we except the valuable work of the Geological Sur-

vey, necessarily piecemeal, and the inspections from time to time of the railway corps), for trips by San Francisco hardly come under that category, and vice-regal progresses form a class by themselves. Of the whole series, however, as it stands in Mr. Sanford Fleming's paper, Sir Hector Langevin is at the head. His mission was a most important one, being undertaken in connection with his department in order to ascertain what public works were necessary in the new province. He visited Victoria, New Westminster, Yale, Lytton, Cariboo, Bute and Burrard Inlets, Nanaimo, Barclay Sound and other points on the coast and in the interior, the results of his inquiries being afterwards published in a volume. Last summer we had occasion to recall, by way of contrast with the present, some details in the account of Adjutant-General P. Robertson Ross's expedition, which is included in the Militia Report for 1872. It seems only the other day since we were reading "The Wild North Land," of Capt. (now General Sir) W. F. Butler (1872-73). Dr. G. M. Dawson's report of his share, as naturalist, in the Boundary Commission's operations (1872-74) is one of the most valuable volumes in the series of the Geological Survey. In 1871 Dr. Selwyn himself inaugurated the geological examination of the Western province, which, conducted from year to year, has brought to light the wealth, variety and economic importance of its natural resources. The long quest for the North-West passage ended on the 7th of November, 1885, and there was pertinence in the selection of Sir Donald Smith to strike the blow which indicated that the goal was reached. "By common consent," writes Mr. Fleming, "the duty of performing the task was assigned to one of the four directors present—the senior in years and influence, whose high character placed him in prominence—Sir Donald Alexander Smith. No one could on such an occasion more worthily represent the company or more appropriately give the finishing blows which, in a material sense, were to complete the gigantic undertaking. Sir Donald Smith braced himself to the task and he wielded the by no means light spike hammer with as good a will as the professional tracklayer. The work was carried on in silence. Nothing was heard but the reverberation of the blows struck by him. It was no ordinary occasion; the scene was in every way noteworthy from the groups that composed it and the circumstances which had brought together so many human beings in this spot in the heart of the mountains, until recently an untracked solitude. Most of the engineers, with hundreds of workmen of all nationalities, who had been engaged in the mountains, were present. Every one appeared to be deeply impressed by what was taken place. The central figure in the group was something more than the representative of the railway company which had achieved the triumph he was consummating. His presence recalled memories of the Mackenzies and McTavishes, the Stuarts, Macgillivrays, the Frasers, Finlaysons, McLeods, McLoughlins and their contemporaries who first penetrated the surrounding territory. From his youth he had been connected with the company which so long had carried on its operations successfully from Labrador to the Pacific and from California to Alaska. . . . Suddenly a cheer spontaneously burst forth, and it was no ordinary cheer. The subdued enthusiasm, the pent-up feelings of men familiar with hard work now found vent. Cheer upon cheer followed as if it was difficult to satisfy the spirit which had been aroused. Such a scene is conceivable on the field of a hard fought battle at the moment when victory is assured."

As a pendant to Mr. Fleming's vivid picture of this scene, so memorable in the history of the Dominion, it may be worth while to recall that a little more than sixteen years before the last spike was driven in the first trans-continental railroad north of the Gulf of Mexico. Connection between the Union and Central Pacific lines took place at Promontory Point, Utah Territory, on the 10th of May, 1869. "There were men," writes the historian, "from the pine-clad hills of Maine, the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, the ever-glades

of Florida, the golden shores of the Pacific slope, from China, Europe and the wilds of the American continent. . . . The hour and minute designated arrived, and Leland Stanford, president, assisted by other officers of the Central Pacific came forward. T. C. Durant, vice-president of the Union Pacific, assisted by General Dodge and others of the same company met them at the end of the rail, where they reverently paused while the Rev. Dr. Todd, of Massachusetts, invoked the divine blessing. Then the last tie, a beautiful piece of workmanship, of California laurel, with silver plates, on which were suitable inscriptions, was put in place, and the last connecting rails were laid by parties from each company. The last spikes were then presented—one of gold from California, one of silver from Nevada, and one of gold, silver and iron from Arizona. President Stanford then took the hammer, made of solid silver—to the handle of which were attached the electric wires—and with the first tap on the head of the gold spike at 12 noon the news of the event was flashed all over the continent. Speeches were made as each spike was driven, and when all was completed cheer after cheer rent the air from the enthusiastic assemblage." Fourteen years earlier the first inter-oceanic railway, that of the Isthmus, from Aspinwall, on the Caribbean Sea, to Panama, on the Pacific Ocean, had become an accomplished fact. Though the shortest of such lines, the difficulties to be surmounted in its construction were enormous, and the cost in human life was deplorable. The first train carrying passengers from ocean to ocean, passed over it on the 28th of January, 1855.

Mr. Sanford Fleming, in closing his survey of "Expeditions to the Pacific," suggests two themes for the brush of the patriotic artist: "On the roll of famous travellers," he writes, "there is no grander figure than that of the intrepid Scotchman who was the first to cross the continent north of the Gulf of Mexico. Can there be a more fitting subject for an historical painting for the National Gallery of the Dominion than the incident of his mixing some vermilion with melted grease and inscribing on the face of the rock on which he had slept by the shore of the Pacific this brief memorial: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three?" Equally appropriate for a painting to hang by its side is the scene by Craigellachie on the morning of November 7th, 1885, when Sir Donald Smith, spike hammer in hand, is giving the last blow to finish the work of the railway. It marked the close of a long series of events interwoven with the annals of the northern portion of the continent. Can we doubt that the future historian will regard the occurrence as a turning-point in the history of the Dominion as the beginning of a new page in the life and destiny of the British Colonial Empire?"

Whether or not the reproach which the often-repeated proverb has cast upon comparison be altogether justifiable, we can find respectable precedent for the historical parallel. It is by this classical method that Mr. J. M. LeMoine has thought well to write the panegyric of two of the worthiest of Canadian administrators—of whom one governed under the Old Régime, the other the new. The name of La Galissonnière has to most students of English history been associated with one of those cold official murders which inspire more horror than criminal bloodshed. It was for declining to risk what he feared would be certain defeat at the hands of the French sea captain that Admiral John Byng, son of the valiant Viscount Torrington, was tried by court martial, condemned and shot in spite of the utmost efforts to save his life. Though not blameless, he deserved a far different fate. His family has for more than a century furnished England with many brave soldiers and sailors. The Comte de la Galissonnière has been best portrayed by the Swedish naturalist, Kalm, who was his guest for nearly seven weeks at the Château St. Louis. Like the great Earl of Peterborough, he was slightly deformed, but still his appearance was prepossessing. The qualities of his mind were beyond praise. His knowledge was so amazing that

Kalm, in listening to his conversation, could imagine that it was Linnæus addressing him under another form. Lord Dufferin we know, and, therefore, can appreciate the happiness of Mr. LeMoine's parallel. Never, perhaps, did that great statesman, diplomatist and scholar display more judgment, tact and dignity or charm the ears of his hearers with more graceful, vigorous and pertinent eloquence than on the occasion to which, a few pages further on in this volume of Transactions, Mr Sandford Fleming makes seasonable reference. It was at the time of his visit to Victoria, during the agitation in British Columbia on the railway question. No better example of the service which a British Governor-General can render to the country, without in the least degree infringing on the jurisdiction of his responsible ministers, can be offered than Lord Dufferin's mission of conciliation to British Columbia. The only other instance of the employment of consummate statesmanship with rare gifts of oratory and perfect good taste which we can recall as a parallel to it is Lord Elgin's farewell address to the citizens of Montreal, including the barbarians who rewarded with reviling and violence his defence of the people's rights.

By way of contrast between the rigorous discipline that prevailed in the British army some generations ago and the more free-and-easy system to which we have grown accustomed, it may be worth while recalling a general order issued by Sir James Craig when he was commander of the forces (as well as Governor-General) in this country. A Halifax paper, containing an account of the presentation of a laudatory address to Captain Orr, of the 1st Battalion Royal Fusiliers, on his being promoted to the command of a company, had come under the eye of His Excellency. Without delay he issued a general order, in which he bore testimony against the proceeding as a great (though unconscious) act of insubordination on the part of the sergeants who had felicitated and complimented Captain Orr. Their intention, he had no doubt, was praiseworthy. They wished to show their appreciation of the kindness with which Captain Orr had behaved towards those under him. But, in the very fact of "presuming to deliberate on the conduct of their superior officer," they had committed a grave offence. It was true that they had only expressed their respect and esteem for Captain Orr, but that expression implied discussion, and if discussion were permitted they might meet the next time to express disapprobation. The principle was, therefore, to be promptly condemned. Indirectly Lieut.-Col. Pakenham, who commanded the Fusiliers, was rebuked by this order, but at the same time Sir James Craig took occasion to say that in pointing out his error in permitting the address, he had no thought of detracting from the esteem in which he held him. This order was afterwards adopted by the commander-in-chief in England. It was Adjutant-General (afterwards Major-General) Edward Baynes, father of the late esteemed bursar of McGill College, who signed the general order in the first instance.

There is a logical sequel to the impulse that has been given in recent years to the development of our mineral resources which ought not to be lost sight of. The Royal Commission appointed by the Government of Ontario to enquire into the mineral resources of that province (to which we made reference not long ago) has clearly indicated that sequel in the report on technical instruction with which the volume closes. Examples of such education, with special reference to mineralogy and practical mining, are furnished from several States of the Union, from various countries of Europe and from some of the other British colonies. The most interesting of these precedents for Canadian readers are the Australasian schools of mines. Of these there are several. In Victoria, for instance, there is one at Ballarat and one at Sandhurst, and in New Zealand there is one at Lawrence, Otago, which has been conducted with considerable success. The usage has been to establish these institutions in the neighbourhood of the various gold fields, the great advantage of this plan being that it brings the needed instruction to

the centre of the mining communities, thus enabling the miners to attend classes in the evening, while engaged at their ordinary work during the day. The course is both theoretical and practical, comprising geology, mineralogy, chemistry as applied to minerals, the testing of minerals by wet processes, assaying, metallurgy and the use of the blow-pipe. The professors at these schools are men of the highest qualifications, all of whom were selected for their rare knowledge and experience. The Victoria schools are independent establishments, having no connection with any seat of learning, though well equipped for the object in view. The Otago (N.Z.) school is affiliated with the University of Otago. Though some of the professors are honour men of British Universities, the most of them are New Zealanders who have acquired their practical knowledge on the spot. In Canada, though there are good science courses connected with our leading universities, we have as yet no school of mines. The Ontario Commission is in favour of a scheme similar to that of New Zealand for their own province. Doubtless, if Ontario led the way, the other provinces would find it to their interest to imitate its example; but the question arises, whether it is not to the Dominion Government that such an undertaking properly pertains.

OUR ENTERPRISE.

With this issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED we enter upon the third year of the undertaking. It was begun hopefully, with the assurance that an enterprise whose very name implied its patriotic and fruitful purpose would commend itself to every Canadian who desired the advancement of his country's best interests and wished its reputation for all that gives it worth and prestige in the eyes of the world to be placed upon a proper footing. When our first number was issued, our Dominion had just come of age. Its development during the twenty-one years of its career as a federation had been in many ways remarkable. But the details of its progress, the wondrous variety of its resources, the distinctive features of its great natural divisions, and its wealth of beautiful and sublime scenery were but little known, even to its own inhabitants, much less to the world at large. The impulse had, however, been given to intelligent inquiry. Thousands of persons in our own land, and a large number beyond its limits were curious to learn whatever could be ascertained concerning this Northland of the New World. There is not a province or district in this vast area that has not its own peculiar claims to attention. The older portions have a history, within the domain of civilization, of more than a quarter millennium. Even the comparatively new territories have annals and traditions—not without romance some of them, while all of them are of historic moment—that take our thoughts very far from the present. Our eastern, western and northern shores have associations with some of the grandest movements of the last four centuries, while the interior has traces, even in its names, of the strivings and struggles of valiant men of many races. To illustrate by pen and picture a land so pregnant with manifold interest was a task in which we were proud to engage. Nor has the issue of our adventure been wholly disappointing. We have received from many sources, as well from our own people as from their kindred beyond sea and from kindly sympathizers of other allegiance, expressions of approval and encouragement that we highly prize. If, as yet, the financial support has not kept pace with these testimonies of good will, there is nothing in the fact to excite much surprise. Those who have had experience of such publications in Canada are well aware that to build up a successful periodical demands several years. In due time, patience would undoubtedly be rewarded and generous outlays would bring ample returns. As yet we are but at the threshold of that triumph—in every sense—which, we are convinced, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is destined to attain. But to that end we must ask for not merely sympathy, but co-operation. If the Canadian people are proud enough of their own country to assist in making it known to the world, the

DOMINION ILLUSTRATED gives them an opportunity of doing so. We appeal to them once more to avail themselves of that opportunity.

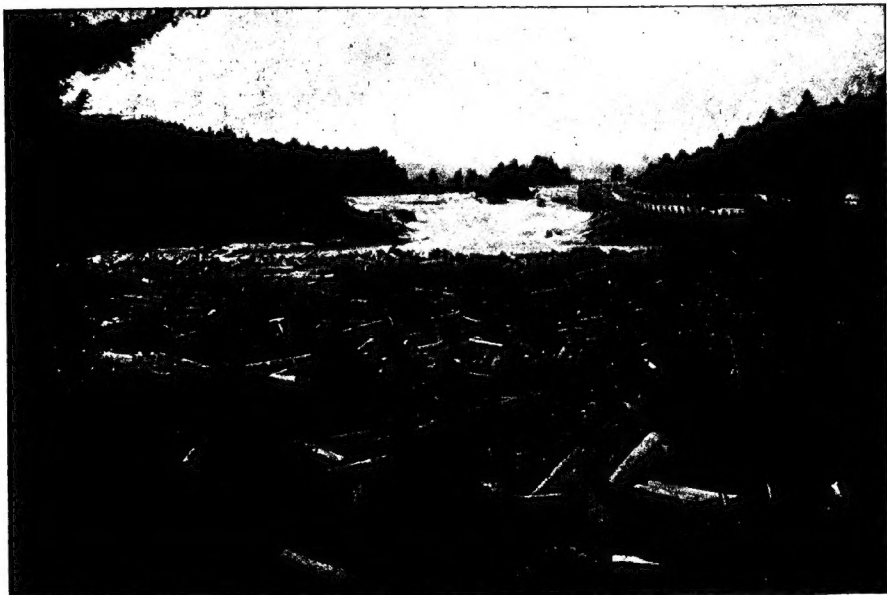
PAST AND FUTURE.

In the nature of things Dominion Day suggests both a retrospect and a forecast. Two years ago our federation celebrated its coming of age. In two years more it will be commemorating its quarter-centennial. Twenty-three years constitute but a small period in the life of one of the old-world nations, like France or England. But on this continent, where but one commonwealth can boast an independent existence of more than a century, the standard of duration is necessarily different. Institutions which to our kinsmen beyond sea may appear modern, have with us acquired the flavour of antiquity. And certainly, judged by what it has brought to pass, the period of the federal régime may claim some share of the honour that is deemed due to length of years. It has, indeed, been an important—in some respects, a very critical—period all the world over. There is not one of the great divisions of the earth's surface that it has not more or less materially reconstructed, while at the same time it has modified their intercourse with each other to an extent that even the most sagacious or sanguine could hardly have predicted. In these great changes Canada has been no merely passive spectator. Directly or indirectly the creation of the Dominion has affected the destiny of the entire British Empire, and of all the countries that have relations with it. In the motherland it has completed the revelation in colonial administration, of which Lord Durham's report was the signal. It has radically altered the principles and the tone of the Home Government in dealing with the colonies. The tenderness with which the claims of the Western Australians, to which we referred some time ago, were dealt with by the British Government and Parliament, shows how completely the old Downing Street system has become obsolete. For this disposition on the part of the metropolis to regard the colonies, not only as self-governing communities, but as virtually on a par with the people of the United Kingdom as members of the Empire, Canada can justly claim no small share of credit. The battle for colonial emancipation was fought out in these provinces. Confederation crowned the victory of responsible government and gave birth to a power, to a practically independent nation, and set up for all the rest of larger Britain an example of fully developed colonial life which, with more or less success, our distant kinsmen are beginning to follow.

The experiment was the first of its kind in modern times, and to the student of politics it was of exceptional interest. At intervals, from the beginning of the century to the Quebec Conference, a union of the provinces, more or less comprehensive, had been proposed. At first the sentiment in its favour was strongest towards the Atlantic, but circumstances cast upon the interior the responsibility of making the trial. There was, in fact, no other way out of the deadlock of an arrangement that had become impracticable. But if the union of the Canadas was anomalous, the isolation from each other of the Maritime and the Eastern Provinces, was an outrage on common sense. Still, though all acknowledged the need of a change, the task which the "Fathers of Confederation" had undertaken was far from easy, owing to local rivalries, party jealousies and conflicts of interest. That they succeeded at all is more surprising than that there should have been some drawbacks to their success. Gradually the antagonism, in the chief centres of struggle, grew less and less fierce, and ultimately ceased altogether. In a few years all northern British America (except Newfoundland) had accepted the federal bond and then began the work of development, which great though, in many respects, its results have been, is still in its initial stage. Canadians are only awakening to the virtual boundlessness, the in-



HIGH FALLS AND TIMBER SLIDE ON THE LIÈVRE. (Topley, photo.)



JAM OF SAW-LOGS ON THE LIÈVRE, 150,000 LOGS; VALUE, \$225,000. (Topley, photo.)



SUMMER: THE BUTTERFLY CHASE; from the painting by Heywood Hardy.
(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

estimable value of their heritage. The land of promise has been surveyed from several standpoints; its vastness, its wealth and the variety of its resources have been recognized. We know that there is no finer country under the sun for all that makes life healthy and happy, and assures prosperity and influence to a people. The old dividing lines have been removed; even the intervening no-man's-lands that tended to keep east and west and centre eternally apart, are becoming assimilated to the regions on either side. The mountains are no longer impassable barriers, and dwellers on the Atlantic and Pacific have become as neighbours to those that occupy the heart of the continent. We have grown so accustomed to the new order of things that some of us find it hard to realize—which, however, the elders of us may do by a little effort of memory—that a few years ago it required as much time to travel from coast to midland as it does now to visit Japan or Palestine. Those, indeed, of the present generation can form no conception of what Canada was at a period still remembered by their older friends. The transformation in this respect is marvellous, and, but for confederation, it is more than likely that we should still remain in the state of estrangement that so long prevailed. Let any one read Prof. H. Y. Hinde's account of the emigrants' journey across the plains and over the mountains in 1862, or Dr. Duncan's story of the coming of our protectors from Halifax to Montreal in the same year and he will have some notion of what Canada was before the British North America Act gave the impulse to reconstruction.

Since 1867 Canada has received more attention from the outside world than she had been honoured with during all the previous portion of the century—exception being, of course, made to the years 1812-15 and 1837-38. The amazing wealth of her resources of soil, mine, forest, lake, river and sea is now the topic of discussion in hundreds of books, pamphlets and magazine articles, not to speak of blue-books and other official publications. A bibliography of the North-West alone comprises more than 3,000 volumes. Men of science, artists, literary men, sportsmen, lady tourists, missionaries, philologists, folklorists, immigration agents, economists, sanitarians, and special correspondents of all kinds have for years vied with each other in discovering fresh charms and advantages in the prairie steppes, the mountains, the Pacific slopes, Vancouver and the dividing waters. By this booming of the great West, Eastern Canada has both lost and gained, but the gains have far transcended the losses. Men are naturally impatient if in the wide sweep of a great movement some of their proper belongings are displaced or put out of gear. The federation of the Canadian provinces—by which we understand, not simply the British North America Act, but the whole sequel of changes, political, economic and social of which it was the starting-point—could hardly fail to disturb the balance of power in some of the thousands of little communities that make up our Dominion, to wound susceptibilities, to ruffle dignities, to impair the worth of personalities. Those who suffer in this way find it hard to forgive, and though they may be impotent to stop the wheels of progress, they may take their satisfaction by cries of discontent, alarm or reproach.

The grumbler is not, however, without his *raison d'être* in Canada, as elsewhere. Self-complacency and self-admiration are bad for both individuals and States, and it is well that we should be warned against giving heed only to what is rose-coloured and fair-seeming in ourselves, our works and our environment. Grand as have been the triumphs of the few short years of the present régime, it would be folly to pretend that we have made the most of our advantages. If Canada has given the world the benefit of a new experiment in federal government; if she has shown the Mother Country that complete freedom from Downing Street control is compatible with the utmost loyalty to the principle of a united Empire; if she has taught our neighbours that there is ample room on this continent for a northern common-

wealth, at once purely democratic and faithful to monarchical traditions; if she has set Australasia, South Africa and the West Indies a worthy example which, to attain the fullest development, they must eventually follow; if all these—and even greater—services to civilization can be set to her credit, we must not try to ignore the wilful blindness, the selfish narrowness, the petty parochialism, the lack of public spirit and enlightened patriotism and the miserable anachronisms and exotics of religious prejudice and feuds of race that dull our aspirations and are a drag upon our energies. If we boast of our country, it is an honest boast, for no grander gift was ever bestowed on a people. Nor is its history a record to be ashamed of. Standing here on the earth's first solid floor, we can look upon a wondrous past. We are allied with the most illustrious nations in Europe, while the former lords of the soil who cling to it with the despair of a doomed race, have traditions that pierce the mists which hide their origin in far-off ages. But the future is for us the urgent problem, and its solution depends on our own character and conduct, on our use of the talents entrusted to us, on the singleness of our devotion to great aims, and on our faith in our ability to accomplish them. If such faith is in us, we should show it by acts. If we believe in Canada, let us help Canadian, in preference to foreign, enterprises, instead of sneering at them and giving them the cold shoulder. We may be sure that the world will respect us none the less if we respect ourselves, and if we undervalue all the efforts of our own people, it will be likely to judge us by our estimate.

The Next Laureate.

Every month we hear fresh rumours of Tennyson ailing or failing,—fully three years ago he wrote to me that he had entirely lost the sight of one eye and could see but faintly with the other, and that he felt very infirm. And Browning is dead. Who next is to wear the laurel which is its own reward? For it has but a hundred sovereigns and a butt of Malmsey-Maderia to boot. The days of Pye are over. Court favour would never elevate a poetaster now, though it has weight in discriminating the claims of genuine poets. Even while Browning was alive, it seemed to me that the choice of a successor lay between Swinburne, the two Morrises, Alfred Austin and Edwin Arnold. Edmund Gosse and others whose names suggest themselves at once belong to a younger generation whose time has not yet come.

The question arises at the threshold, is the Laureateship to be given to the man most fit to write laureate odes, or to the greatest poet, or to a happy combination of the two? If the writing of odes to order has anything to do with the appointment, Browning would have been ridiculously inferior to Andrew Lang. I believe that Lang could write as good an ode to order as any Anglo-Saxon living. He is the Greek Deinos, terribly clever, steeped in culture for effective allusions, and the possessor of exquisite literary taste. But then Lang, like Gosse and Henley and William Sharp, belongs to the next-but-ones. If being a great poet were the test, Browning might have had to be considered first. But he could not have stood the combined test.

Swinburne has very high claims. He has been more read and famous longer than any of his rivals. For lyrical touch he is one of a triumvirate with Shelley and Poe. He has that rarest gift in poetry, melody. He has had more influence on English lyrical poetry than any man of his generation. He is the founder of a school in form and the founder of a school in subject. But his influence has not been as good as it might have been in either. He is responsible for miles of trochaic tinsel about passion, reeled out from the mouths of his disciples like the ribbons of red tissue paper from the mouth of a conjurer.

A year or two back, people would have pooh-poohed the idea of taking him into consideration for the Laureateship. But since then he has washed his hands of his revolutionary and atheistical vagaries and come forward as a passionate patriot. But the trouble is that if he were appointed Laureate, he would not write those little few-stanza lyrics, as gem-like as Byron's "When We Two Parted" or Shelley's "One Word is too often Profaned," but rhapsodies rivalling his Victor Hugo odes in extensiveness, and his Tristram in a banquet of epithet too rich for any stomach. At the same time he might endeavour to rise to the dignity of the subject by employing lines of fifty-three syllables each—one for every year of the reign, and when its blessings came to an end, flutter around the new one to begin with in fanciful little flights of one syllable lines. The Morrises are different. I couple them together simply because of their name; they are no relation, and are men of very different calibre, but equally unfit to expatiate on the advantages arising from additions to Prince

Henry of Battenberg's family, William as an ardent socialist, and Lewis as a prophet of radicalism, with no honour as such even in his native Wales.

William Morris is a great poet. In his poems it is not easy to pick out *purpurei panni* for quotation, but taken as a whole they are instinct with voluptuous poetry. To read the Earthly Paradise is to lie in the best house of Pompeii, eating luscious fruit and drinking generous wine, as you watch the sun sinking over Ischia, and listen to a beautiful woman talking for only you to hear, or playing a barcarolle on the mandolin. It is voluptuousness distilled into poetry.

Unfortunately, when not engaged in this distillation, his soul expresses itself in spouting unclassical sentiments from the top of a barrel, or other street socialist's rostrum.

Lewis Morris has one great qualification for succeeding Tennyson, that he has for years been practising Tennyson. He writes Tennysonian odes that are as strongly related to Tennyson as the apples baked in a pie to the apples before they were put into the pie. He really can write beautiful Laureate odes, but if Americans have no patience with Tennyson—a man of aristocratic birth and sympathies, and the friend of royalty for fifty years—for accepting an honour that was accepted as an honour by Wellington and Nelson and the elder Pitt, what have they to say to Laureate odes coming from the pen of Lewis Morris, an advanced radical at the hustings? As an ode-writer Lewis Morris is good enough. But even if he might be thought good enough as a poet, could he honestly be the writer of Laureate odes?

He has, however, one claim, that of having for some time past (it is said appointed by that eminent judge of poetry, the Prince of Wales) acted as Lord Tennyson's deputy, and his poems certainly have the claim of popularity. Andrew Lang accounts for the extensiveness of their sale by believing that they have taken the place of Eliza Cook's in the parlours of young ladies' boarding-schools. Their success is, in England generally regarded as ephemeral and due to hitting off the taste of the hour. This is exactly what one does not want in a Laureate. For, of themselves, Laureate odes have a hundred to one chances for the waste paper basket. Alfred Austin has much more formidable claims. Of the quality of his poetry there can be no more doubt than of the quality of Charles Tennyson-Turner, Hartley Coleridge or Arthur Hugh Clough.

He is thoroughly in sympathy with everything English, a conservative proud of his country and eager about her prestige, a country-gentleman devoted to English country life, which he can describe as no other English poet living except Tennyson himself.

He is strong in the favour of Royalty (a personal friend of the Queen) and of the Conservative Chiefs, but has the disqualification for a Laureate of a purely eclectic reputation. With students and critics few enjoy a higher estimation; to the general public he is only a name. Apropos of Her Most Gracious Majesty I heard last year, at St. Botolph, Saturday night, a good thing, when the quiet man reading out a telegram that Alfred Austin had been lunching at the Villa Palimeri with the Queen, said that she could not have known that he was one of those writing fellows. The taunt was unfortunately possible.

Perhaps the poet who concentrates most claims in himself is our guest in Japan, Sir Edwin Arnold. Like Alfred Austin, he can be a Laureate honestly; his enthusiasm for England is notorious. For while Austin is a Conservative, Arnold must be described as a Dynastic and Imperialist Liberal. He labels himself a Liberal, but, as editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, he has shown himself in all points which concern the writer of Laureate odes as one with the Conservatives. Whenever it is a question of what the Tory party call loyalty (to royalty), or of what the Radical party call jingo, the *Daily Telegraph* out-stands the *Standard*. Then again, Sir Edwin has, as poet, performed a national service by making the literature of our vast Indian Proconsulate an integral part of the literature of England. The *Light of Asia* is a poem of national significance, one of the monumental poems of the century. It has already taken its place as a classic. It has already fulfilled the other qualification for a Laureate, of making its author a poet of the general public as well as of the student and scholar.

Sir Edwin has thus the triple qualification for Laureate—of being a man whose opinions are in sympathy with the office, a man whose poetical renown, both with learned and simple, would warrant his appointment, and a man who would write admirable odes.

No appointment could meet with more general approbation.—*Douglas Sladen in Japan Gazette.*

Canada's Great Fair.

The receipt of a copy of the prize list for this year's Toronto Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held from the 8th to the 20th of September next, reminds us that the fair season is again fast approaching. The prize list shows the addition of many new classes and a large increase in the amount offered as premiums. Toronto offers many attractions to visitors during the season, but the greatest of all is its annual Exhibition, which this year promises to be greater and better than ever. A copy of the prize list can be obtained by any of our readers, who may desire one, by dropping a post card to MR. H. J. HILL, the Secretary, at Toronto.



HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY, QUEEN VICTORIA.—Not long since we had the pleasure of presenting our readers with the portraits of Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, son of our Gracious Sovereign, and of his illustrious consort. We now adorn our pages with a likeness of the Queen herself. Her Majesty is one of the best known and most popular ladies of our time. She is also the best beloved of English sovereigns. No Queen of England has reigned so long—Elizabeth, who comes next to her on the list, having sat on the throne for only forty-five years. Only two kings have exceeded the fifty-three years that have elapsed since her accession—Henry III., who reigned 56, and her grandfather, George III., who reigned 60 years. If the wishes of her subjects are fulfilled, she will transcend them all. The circumstances under which Queen Victoria succeeded to the Crown are noteworthy. Before her birth there was not a surviving child in the families of all the fifteen sons and daughters of George III. The Princess Charlotte, long the hope of the nation, who had married Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha (afterwards King of the Belgians) had by her early death shifted the succession to the Prince Regent's brothers, the Dukes of Clarence, York and Kent. The last was then unmarried. In the following year, however (May 1818), he married Victoria, of Saxe-Cobourg-Saalfeld, widow of the Duke of Leiningen, and on the 24th of May, 1818, the Princess Victoria was born. Between the infant Princess and the Crown there intervened, after her father's death in 1820, the Dukes of York and Clarence and their possible issue. The Duke of York died in 1827, and on the death of King George IV. in 1830 the Duke of Clarence became King William IV. By this time, notwithstanding the death of the King's children, there was ample provision for the succession in the family of George III., the Dukes of Cumberland and Cambridge both having issue. Happily, the daughter of the soldier prince, who had formed so many ties in Canada, was blessed with a vigorous constitution, and on the death of her royal uncle she duly succeeded to the throne of England. The throne of Hanover, however, she was precluded by the usage of that country from inheriting, that privilege being reserved for males, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was next in succession, became King of that doomed kingdom. He died in 1851, and his son reigned until 1866, when, Prince Bismarck having annexed Hanover to Prussia, King George V. found his occupation gone. His son, who retains his English title of Duke of Cumberland, is still a claimant for the throne. The accession of the young Queen was greeted with universal enthusiasm. All that was known concerning her as Princess Victoria gave high promise of rare virtue—promise which has been amply fulfilled. When, as a child, she first learned her place in the succession, she was overcome with a sense of the responsibility. She was carefully, even strictly, educated. The Duchess, her mother, was blamed by some for not allowing her more opportunity of mingling in the ceremonies and festivities of the court. The world knows a great deal of the private life of the Queen from her own "Journal" and the biography of the Prince Consort. In Canada the Royal Family has at intervals during the last thirty years been represented by the Prince of Wales and his brothers and by the Princess Louise. Their presence amongst us from time to time, and especially the residence of the Princess Louise in the home of our Governors has undoubtedly had considerable influence in deepening the loyal attachment of the Canadian people to the throne and person of our Queen. Against her, to cite, with some modification, the words of one of her biographers, no sedition has ever risen, nor evil whisper ever breathed. Her severest critics would stand for her as stoutly as her dearest friends. At any time during her long reign, even when crowns were falling around her and the demons of revolution were raging, she could have passed from end to end of her country, secure of universal homage, honour, loyalty and devotion. Of what other monarch could so much be said?

HIGH FALLS AND TIMBER SLIDE ON THE LIÈVRE.—The river of which our engraving shows one of the most remarkable falls, rises in the group of lakes near the head waters of the Gatineau. After running parallel for a considerable distance with that fine stream, and traversing the County of Ottawa, it falls into the Ottawa river a short distance below the Capital. Its entire length is about 260 miles, and, with its numerous tributaries, it drains an area of more than 4,000 square miles. The navigation of the river is in many places interrupted by rapids and cataracts. High Falls, which is seen in our engraving, is some 450 feet in descent. The scenes unfolded by the windings of the Lièvre are extremely picturesque. Sometimes, as in the engraving, the necessities of industrial life lend new interest to Nature's handiwork. In the present instance, our readers are asked to look on a common feature of lumbering operations. As we tried to explain in a previous issue, before shooting the slides, by which the difficulties of cascades and rapids are overcome, the timber is made up into cribs, each containing twenty-five pieces. These, again, are fastened together in bands or drams, which in turn are bound into rafts. The crib form is, however,

usually adopted for descending the slides. Our engraving is an effective illustration of this proceeding.

LOG JAM ON THE LIÈVRE RIVER.—This is a scene of which our city readers have doubtless often heard and read, and, perhaps, only a select few of them have witnessed it. It is acknowledged to be one of the grandest sights which our backwoods' life affords, a sight which is difficult to describe and must be seen to be appreciated. It is full of perilous excitement, of complicated and unexpected movements, requiring the utmost watchfulness on the part of the shantymen to evade the hazard of its sudden breaking up. There is wild leaping from log to log, orders and warning and shouts of triumph, according to the evolution of the massed timber, each constituent of it gliding, rolling, seeking escape from captivity. On the Lièvre, jams are not infrequent. On all our lumbering rivers there are, indeed, spots that have gained an evil reputation for this kind of embargo. Notwithstanding a certain amount of pleasurable excitement, such as all strong, healthy men find in scenes of struggle and danger, disasters sometimes happen which leaves homes desolate. But, in general, the problem in mechanics is solved without grave accident, and the degree of skill and courage that is displayed in getting the timber down the chutes—as the narrow, steep, often ruinous and not infrequently at the lower parts, vortex-like places are called—is a source of surprise and admiration to the uninitiated. The animated scene in our engraving represents 150,000 saw logs, valued at \$225,000.

THE BUTTERFLY CHASE.—Clearly a summer scene, and a scene that savours of that *dolce far niente* which the hot weather so powerfully suggests. Perhaps the artist also wished to teach by parables. There is a lesson to be drawn from the picture, but each disciple must interpret it according to his own needs.

NIAGARA CAMP SCENES.—The organization of camps for the assembling of the militia forces of the various districts dates back to even before Confederation. The Niagara camp is noteworthy, both as one of the earliest selected, as being associated with some of the most wonderful scenery and some of the proudest historic landmarks in the country, and also for having again and again received the recommendation for efficiency of the officer commanding. "The ground," says a recent report, "is excellently adapted for a camp. The duties and discipline were admirably carried out." No part of the Dominion is better adapted to inspire patriotism and military ardour, for within easy distance of the camping ground are some battle fields and monuments that attest how Canadians have prized their heritage and fought and died for it in the past. The annual camp this year was opened on Tuesday, the 17th ult. The weather was splendid during the earlier days, but a change then took place which caused a good deal of that discomfort with which our soldiers, during practice of this kind, have to combat as best they can. The corps in camp were the Hamilton Field Battery, commanded by Major Van Wagner; the Toronto Field Battery, by Major Mead; the Welland Canal Field Battery, by Major King; the 12th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. Wayling; the 34th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. O'Donovan; the 35th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. O'Brien; the 36th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. Tyrwhitt; the 37th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. Davis; the 77th Battalion, by Lieut.-Col. Gwyn. Lieut.-Col. Irwin (inspector of artillery) commanded the artillery brigade; brigade Major, Capt. Hudon. The 1st brigade division was composed of the Hamilton, Welland and Toronto batteries; the 20th brigade division was the Guelph Batteries. Brigade sergeant-major—Sergeant-Major Woodman, of Toronto battery. Brigade quartermaster-sergeant—Staff-Sergeant Cheloux of Welland battery. Lieut.-Col. Otter, D.A.G., was the camp commandant, and his staff was composed as follows:—Lieut.-Col. Gray, brigade major; Major McLaren, 13th Battalion, supply officer; Capt. Mutton, Q.O.R., camp quartermaster and provost-officer; Sergeant-Major Baxter, 37th Battalion, principal medical officer; Major Campbell, 39th Battalion, brigade musketry instructor; Capt. Stuart, 13th Battalion, orderly officer. Sergeant-Major Cummings, of "C" Co., Infantry School Corps, acted as brigade sergeant-major, and Staff-Sergeant Davis was brigade room clerk. Col.-Sergeant Fowler, 10th R.G., was brigade sergeant instructor of musketry, and Sergeant Sanson, Q.O.R., assistant. Lieut.-Col. Otter is in command of the district (No. 2). The camp staff last year was composed of Lieut.-Col. Gray, brigade major; Major McLaren, 13th Battalion, supply officer; Lieut.-Col. Alger, district paymaster; Surgeon-Major Maclean, 31st Battalion, principal medical officer; Captain Mutton, Q.O.R., camp quartermaster and provost officer; Capt. McLean, R.G., musketry instructor; Capt. Stuart, 13th Battalion, orderly officer, and Capt. Geale, acting barrack master at Niagara. Our engravings, which show the artillery camp, the infantry at squad drill, mounted officers of the Toronto and Hamilton Battalions, and the visit to the camp of Company "D" of the 13th Battalion, accompanied by the regimental bugle band, will be readily understood from the titles.

PICTOU SCENES.—These four engravings show some prominent features in one of the most interesting localities in Canada. As our readers are, doubtless, aware the County of Pictou, which is rich in coal and iron ore, has a remarkably fertile soil and is watered by numerous streams flowing into Pictou, Merigonish and Caribou Harbours, is situated on the Straits of Northumberland, which divides Prince Edward Island from Nova Scotia. Its history, as known to Europeans, has been traced back to the 16th century, and its shores had probably been visited by Basque and Breton fishermen even before the advent of Jacques Cartier. In his "History of the County of Pictou," the

Rev. Dr. Patterson, of New Glasgow, has collected a mass of valuable information bearing on its settlement, both by the French, by the Scotch colonists after the conquest and by U. E. Loyalists after the American revolution. We learn therefrom that at one time slavery was practised there, a negro boy having been sold for fifty pounds in 1779. The memory of Dr. McGregor, whose life Mr. Patterson has also written, is held in veneration by the descendants of the Scottish settlers among whom he laboured. The town of Pictou at the time of his arrival consisted of a few hamlets and barns. In one of the latter he preached his first sermon. The town was begun on its present site in 1788. Early in the present century it had become the centre of a thriving lumber trade. The coal mining industry began in earnest about 1820. The population of Pictou in 1871 was 3,200; it exceeds that figure now by about 1,000 souls, and is constantly increasing. The situation is delightful. Climbing a gently rising hill, it commands a view of the fair basin which is one of its glories. For salubrity it is unsurpassed. It has good schools, no lack of churches, a fine town hall, banks, hotels, factories, etc., and its streets are lighted with gas. The Academy was originally modelled on the plan of a Scottish university, but never received degree-conferring powers. It is now governed by a mixed board, in which the Town Council is represented. The vicinity of Pictou abounds in drives, which give opportunities of enjoying some lovely scenery. The sea coast, at no great distance, is adapted for sea-bathing, and there are many points of interest both on the shore and in the interior.

HEBERTVILLE, CHICOUTIMI, ON THE LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY.—This thriving town, though it has been in existence for a number of years, owes its present prosperity and business animation to the construction of the railway on which it is one of the most important stations. It was formerly called Labarre. It is situated on the south bank of the Saguenay and about 45 miles from the town of Chicoutimi. The township of Labarre, of which Hébertville is the chief town, was settled by the Rev. Mr. Hébert, curé of Saint Paschal. The colonists came chiefly from the counties of l'Islet and Kamouraska. The growth of Hébertville in its early years was purely due to the enthusiasm and patriotism of those who undertook to open up the Saguenay country. For years the lack of railway communication was deplored, and it was only after frequent appeals had proved at last successful and the line really began to be built that the towns and villages of the region assumed an importance in conformity with the enterprise and hopefulness of their founders. Hébertville promises in time to be one of the most flourishing places in this province. Mr. Simeon Lesage, the Hon. Boucher de la Bruere, Mr. Buies, Mr. W. W. H. Murray and Mr. J. M. LeMoine have with their pens illustrated various features of this wonderful Saguenay country.

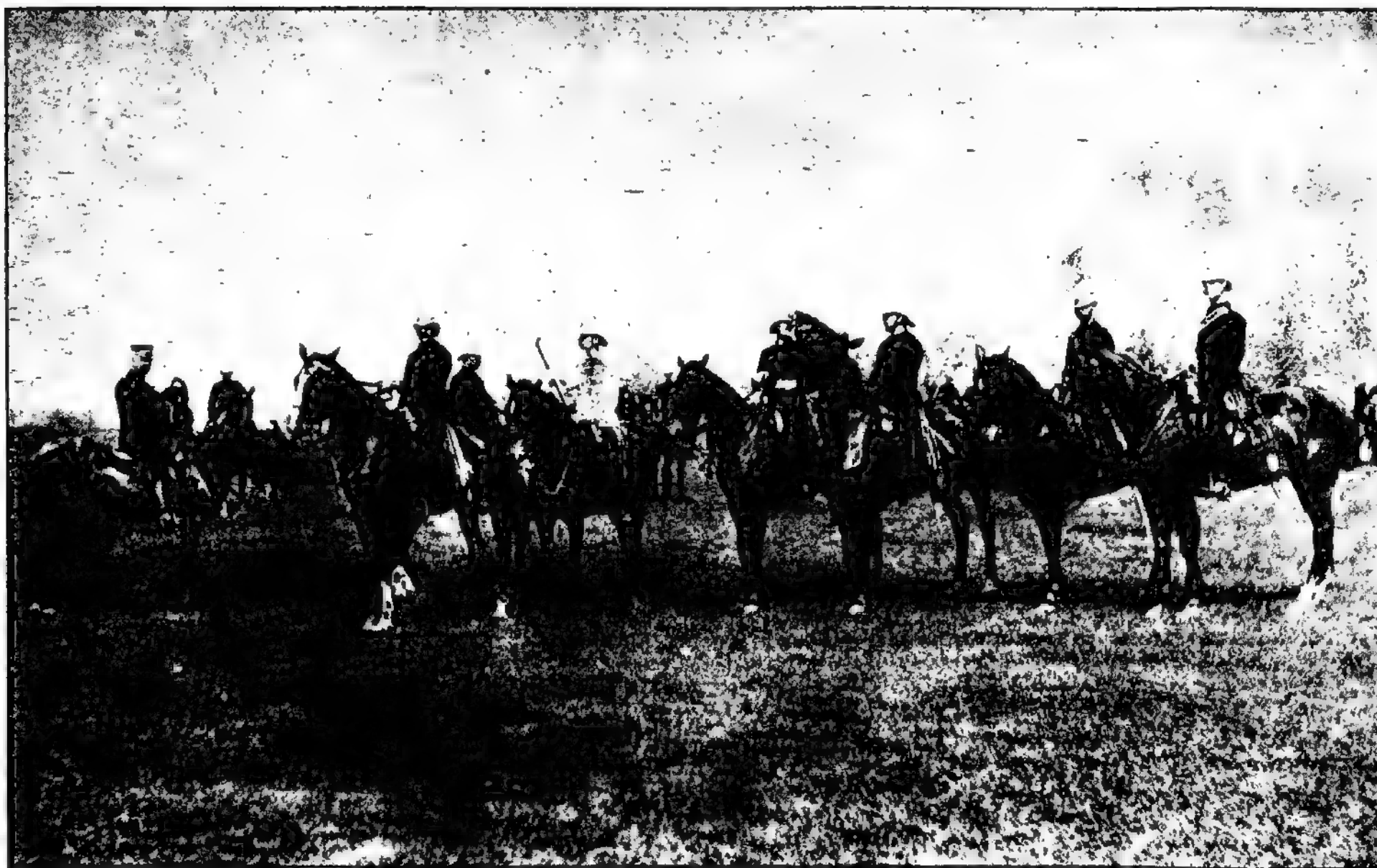
The Wimbledon Team.

Canada's representatives at Wimbledon, or rather Wimbledon's successor, Bisley Common, Surrey, sailed on the 25th inst. on the Parisian, bound for England and glory. They will probably reach England easily—the second is a matter for conjecture. As a rule Canada's representatives at this, the great rifle competition of England's volunteer forces, have always done well, never less than fairly, and never badly. Last year they won the Kolapore Cup, and Lieut.-Col. Prior, M.P., is taking it back to England with strong hopes of bringing it back. The team is composed as follows:—Lieut.-Colonel Prior, A.D.C., Commandant; Major Todd, G.G.F. Guards, Adjutant; Corp. H. Morris, 13th Batt., Hamilton; Sergt. C. M. Hall, 79th Batt., Shetford; Pte. J. E. Hutchison, 43rd, Ottawa; Capt. E. G. Zealand, 13th, Hamilton; Capt. F. B. Ross, 13th; Lieut. E. Desbarats, 3rd Vic. R. C., Montreal; Capt. H. S. Silver, 63rd Halifax; Capt. J. A. Longworth, P.E.I. Garrison-Artillery; Major J. A. Garrison, Halifax Garrison Artillery; Lieut. E. A. Smith, St. John Rifles; Capt. W. Bishop, 63rd, Halifax; Lieut. J. Manning, 62nd, St. John, N.B.; Staff-Sergeant J. Ogg, 1st Battery Field Artillery; Capt. E. B. Busted, 3rd V.R.C.; Capt. Gray, G.G.F.G., Ottawa; Lieut. D. Hooper, 82nd Batt., Fredericton; Color-Sergeant M. B. Henderson, 62nd, St. John; Pte. C. A. Windat, 45th, Bowmanville; Lieut. W. Hora, 14th, Kingston; Sergeant Horsey, 45th, Bowmanville. They mustered at the Drill Shed and became acquainted with each other. On the evening of the 24th Col. Prior entertained the team and a few of his Montreal friends at dinner at the Windsor. They will have a week in which to practice at Bisley before the matches open on the 14th. The Minister of Militia, who happened to be in the city, and a large number of members of the city corps, especially of the Victoria Rifles, went down to the wharf and bid the team *bon voyage*.

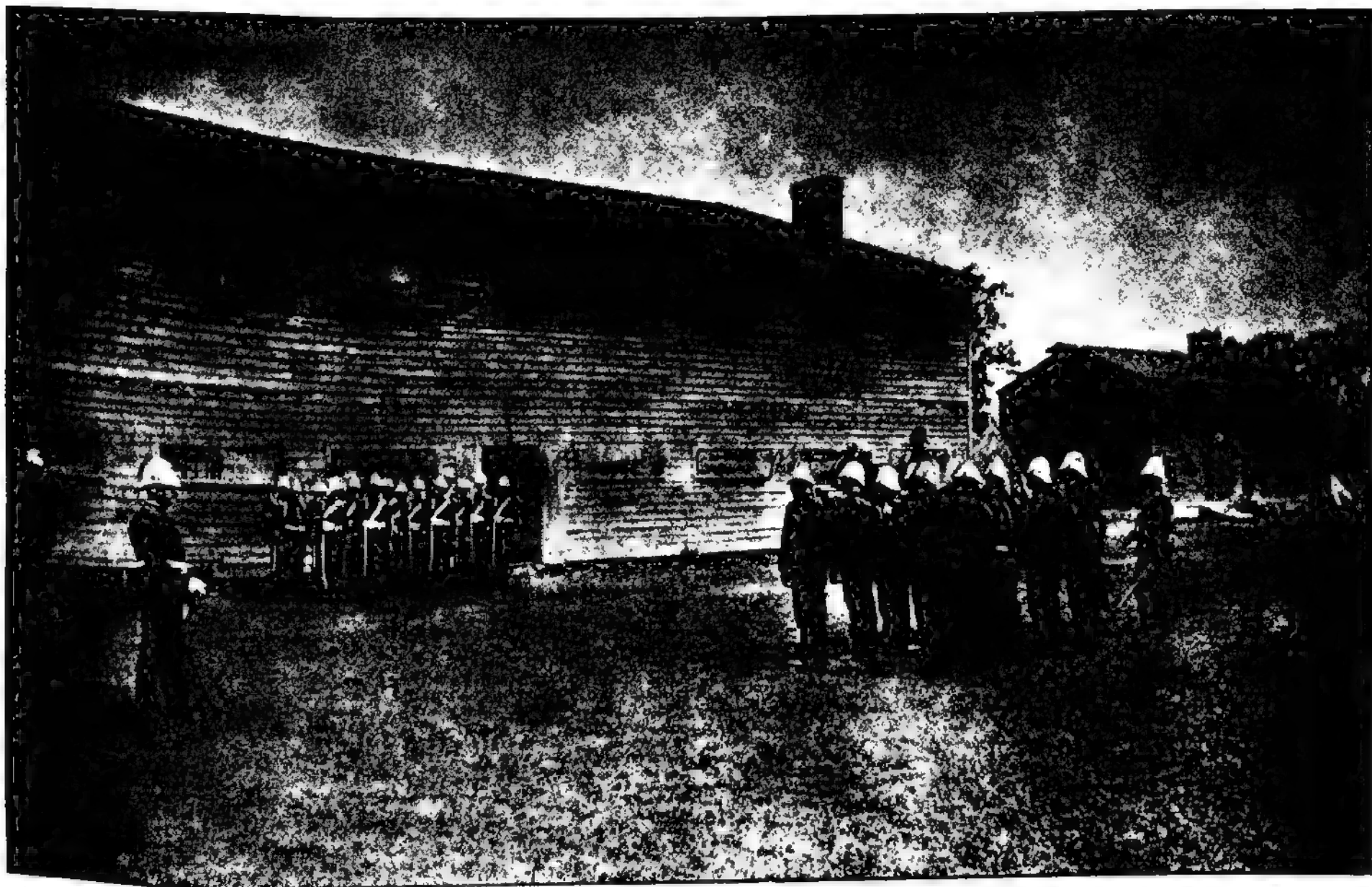
It will be gratifying to the many personal friends and former class mates of Capt. H. E. Wise, late A.D.C. to General Middleton, to learn that shortly after his arrival in India he was offered and accepted the appointment of extra A.D.C. on the personal staff of His Excellency the Viceroy. Captain Wise has been granted leave from his regiment, which is stationed at historic Lucknow, to assume the duties of the position, and is now at Simla, the summer residence of the Viceroy. This may be taken as a compliment to Canada and to the Royal Military College by our late Governor-General, to say nothing of His Excellency's appreciation of Captain Wise's personal and military qualities.



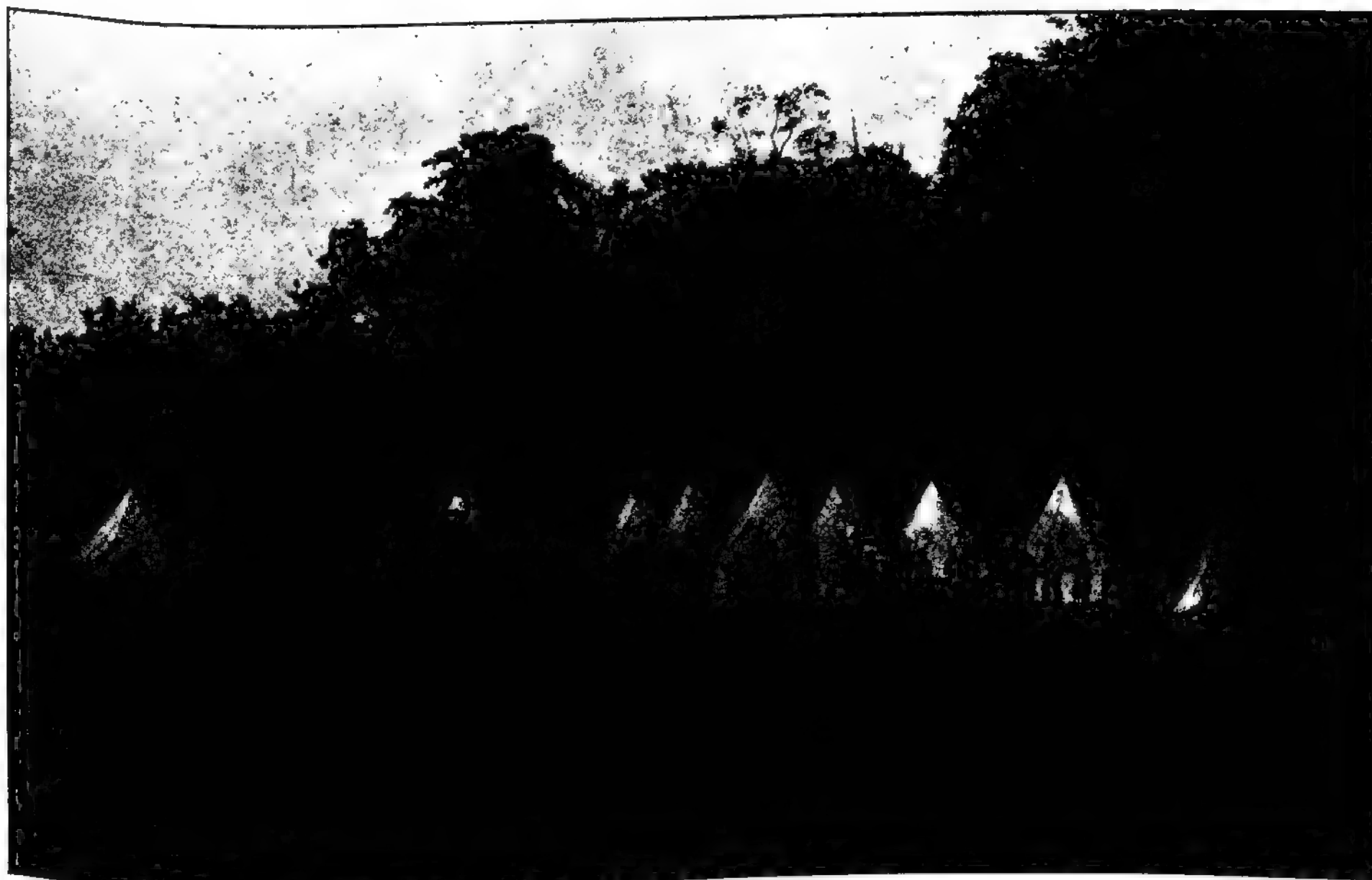
ARTILLERY CAMP AT NIAGARA. (R. C. Matheson, photo.)



OFFICERS OF HAMILTON AND TORONTO BATTERIES AT NIAGARA CAMP. (R. C. Matheson, photo.)



THE NIAGARA CAMP: INFANTRY SQUAD DRILL. (R. C. Matheson, photo.)



"D" COMPANY, 13th BATTALION, HAMILTON, AND THE REGIMENTAL BUGLE CORPS IN CAMP AT BENDER'S GROVE, NIAGARA, ON 24th MAY.

THE LAST OF THE HOSTELRIES.

Once upon a time, on my way through the world, I had occasion to stop over night at a little Canadian village called Krahwinkel. It owes its odd name, I may say in passing, to the first settlers, who were Germans, and whose heirs possess the land to this day. The journey was made by stage, and, unluckily for me, it was just about the turn of the year when our winter weather is at its wildest. The country through which I passed looked inexpressibly dreary. There had been a January thaw, which had taken off all the snow. As a matter of course, this was succeeded by a severe frost, which left the roads full of deep ruts. The sky was covered with clouds, and a little snow had fallen, but not enough to make sleighing possible or to cover the nakedness of the desolate fields. The cold wind blew the loose, dry wreaths of it about the brown stubble, now sowing it evenly and now driving it into little heaps. At such a time, the most uncomfortable way of travelling that can be imagined is by Canadian stage. I know of nothing worse; dromedary-back must be a joke to it. In the first place, the make of the vehicle renders keeping warm in it an impossibility. The cover, instead of shielding you, merely serves to keep in and concentrate the cold which leaks up from the floors and blows in from the front. The frost penetrates the most voluminous wraps, ulster, fur cap and gauntlets; overshoes are feeble defences against it. The discomfort is aggravated by the snail's pace at which the carriage crawls along. If it went fast you could bear it—for let not the word "stage" mislead the inexperienced. The Canadian stage bears only the faintest family likeness to the stage coach of English fiction. It resembles the "flying mails" of Dickens and De Quincey only in having four wheels. The horses are always poor and old. The stage itself is never new; it rattles, it jolts, it pitches, it throws the passengers from side to side; in a word, it is only to be resorted to when all other methods of travelling fail. This particular stage was like all the rest. There was a sharp wind blowing in our faces, and the last ten miles of rough road left me numb with cold and utterly miserable.

The short winter afternoon was merging into night when the stage lumbered into the long main street of Krahwinkel. It drew up before the single hotel of the place, and out of the buffalo robes I crawled, perfectly stiff with cold. The driver's beard bristled with icicles, icy spikes hung from the horses' noses, and their flanks were white with their congealed breath. The hostelry was a plain stone house, two storeys high, and not very promising in its appearance, for in America you cannot expect cleanliness or good food except in city hotels, a country tavern is never comfortable. A lean to shed, open to the street, had been built at one side for waiting teams, and a pump with its ice-crusted watering-trough stood in front. The driver carried my portmanteau into the house and I followed him. The door opened directly into the bar-room, a low, dark-ceilinged room, the walls of which were ornamented with a few gaudy hand-bills. At one side three homespun farmers were gathered round the stove, talking politics. I caught the words "John A.," "Mail," "Blake" and "Globe" as I entered. Opposite the door was the bar. The dingy counter and shelves were graced with a few black bottles, decanters and cigar boxes. Here Jacob Schmidt, mine host, met us, and to him the driver handed over my portmanteau. The landlord was a short, thick set, brown-bearded German, arrayed in a brown cardigan jacket. He was a slow, deliberate man of few words; saying little because speech required him to take his pipe out of his mouth. The driver told me next day that he had the reputation of being the best hotel-keeper for three counties round, and the richest; a reputation, I am bound to say, he well deserved. Out of one of those black bottles Jacob poured some particular old schnapps which revived and partially thawed me. Then he picked up my portmanteau, led me out into a cold, dark passage and threw open a door, out of which there came a blaze of light. Half blinded, I stumbled in and Jacob withdrew.

It took me some time to realize where I was. The transition was too abrupt and unexpected. The first thing that I really saw was a huge coal-stove right in front of me, every one of its mica panes blazing red. Then I was aware, as the old ballads say, of one—two—three young women who were by no means bad looking. Then a piano, a sofa, arm chairs, tables, pictures gradually arranged themselves before my sight, and I perceived that I was standing in a snug, well-appointed parlour. The change from the bleak winter road, the jolting stage, the cheerless bar-room, to this torrid zone of comfort was almost too much. I began to think that I was the victim of some new Arabian Night, and recalled vaguely the one-eyed calender in the castle of the forty obliging beauties. Jacob had apparently thought introductions unnecessary; so I was quite at a loss to explain my presence there. The situation would have been awkward if one of the young ladies had not been equal to the occasion. This throwing a total stranger upon their hospitality seemed nothing unusual. She came forward with a smile and asked me if I wouldn't take off my coat and come up to the fire. This was enough to break the ice, and a conversation sprang up; but I did not care to come any nearer to the fiery furnace that glowed in the middle of the room. On the sofa at one side I was quite near enough to make the process of thawing out a pleasant one. At this safe distance I had a good opportunity to observe my fair entertainers and distinguish between them. They were all about a size, and

bore an unmistakable family likeness to one another. They were dressed very much alike in plain, neat frocks of good material. Two had black eyes and hair, but one had rosy cheeks and the other was noticeably pale. These seemed to be the eldest and the youngest of the trio. The third girl was unlike her sisters in having brown hair and eyes. I never heard their names, so I christened them for convenience Black Eyes, Brown Hair and Pale Face. Their ages would probably range from sixteen to one or two and twenty. Evidently they were mine host's daughters. This was their living room, and Jacob, in the simplicity of his heart and contempt of modern notions, had made his transient guest a member of his family for the time.

I was just pleasantly warmed through again, feeling conscious once more of hands and feet, and we were deep in a four-cornered discussion of the weather when a bell rang, and the girls told me it was for supper. I plunged once more into the cold, dark passage, and found my way to another room on the same flat, well lighted and quite as comfortable as the one I had just quitted. It was not like a room in a tavern but in a well-to-do farm house, and conspicuous for neatness and order peculiarly German. Here I found about half a dozen men sociably seated around one large, well-set table, and chatting like old acquaintances. What a welcome sight that generous board presented to the gaze of the famished traveller. Besides preserves and hot cakes, cold meat and fried sausages, home made bread and country butter, there was a large earthenware dish containing some sort of pie. I cannot say what it was made of, beyond that it was brown and rich and savoury, and there was very little of it left when we rose from the table. It was like nothing I ever saw or tasted anywhere else. Probably the recipe was a family secret, and the party a dish as peculiar to this tavern as the "pudding" is to the "Cheshire Cheese." Brown Hair and Pale Face waited on us and handed us our steaming cups of tea and coffee without any abatement of their quiet self-possession. Black Eyes was invisible; in command at the base of supplies, the kitchen, by right of seniority, I imagined.

When the meal was over the other men went off—most of them were in business in the village—while a few adjourned to the bar-room to smoke a quiet pipe with the landlord. For my part, I returned to the parlour, which was empty, and amused myself turning over the books strewn on the piano, looking at the pictures and so on. I felt like myself again, and began to despise the powers of cold and winter. The parlour seemed to be in the heart of the house. There were windows on one side only, and they were deep and heavily curtained. Behind the stove were two doors, which seemed to open on bed rooms. In one corner stood a sewing-machine, which I had not observed before, and a work-basket, well filled, beside it. The pictures were those to be seen everywhere in the country,—a large wood-cut of "Faith, Hope and Charity" in a gilt frame, which had been given as a premium with some newspaper or other; the "Meeting of Wellington and Blücher at Waterloo;" two bright companion chromos—"Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep." The other decorations were some mottoes in Berlin wool, and a wreath of wax flowers in a deep square frame. The piano was a good one, of native manufacture, and must have cost a pretty penny. Some sheet music was lying about—"Silvery Waves," "The Maiden's Prayer," "Home, Sweet Home," with variations; a couple of "Song Folios," and a number of "Liederschatz." The carpet was new and everything as tidy as it could be. It was the snuggest cosy corner I had found in my wanderings for many a long day. Presently the girls came back into the room, and made no secret of the fact that they had been washing the dishes and "clearing up" generally. They immediately proceeded "to entertain the company" in the orthodox way. Miss Black Eyes showed me the family photograph album: "poppa" and "me when I was little," and a long array of uncles, aunts and cousins. This custom of showing the visitor the album is a good one. It serves as an introduction to the family history, appeals to and gratifies your love of anecdote, humanity and the picturesque. In this way I learned a great deal about the generations of the Schmidts. Their mother was dead, and although they did not need to do so, they kept house for their father and did nearly all the work. They did not like living in a tavern, and had long been coaxing him to give the business up. "Poppa" did not need to keep a hotel for a living, they told me with a touch of pride. It came out that they understood German, but did not speak it among themselves. They had attended the country high school and had been taught music, as the presence of the piano testified. Once or twice their father had taken them, in fair time, to that centre of civilization, Toronto. They were fond of dancing, like all German girls, and chatted eagerly about the "balls" and "parties" that were always going on in the winter. They were so bright and lively and thoroughly unaffected, it was hard to think of them as daughters of taciturn, smoky old Jacob and his Cardigan jacket.

They had brought in with them another member of the family, namely, a shaggy brown dog, who forthwith curled himself up on the mat behind the stove. He was not allowed to enjoy himself very long, for Miss Pale Face, who was evidently much petted by her elder sisters, and accustomed to have her own way in the house, roused him from his lair and proceeded to put him through his tricks. He was old, stiff in the joints, and in no pleasant humour at having his nap disturbed; but his mistress bullied him into showing off his various accomplishments. He "begged"

and "spoke" and "said his prayers" with his nose between his paws on the back of a chair. He would not touch a bone that was "bought on trust," but worried it when told that it was "paid for." He really was a very accomplished dog, and his disgust at it all and air of performing under protest kept us laughing. At last he was released and went back to his mat, growling over the unreasonableness of human beings.

Then it was Miss Pale Face's turn to be put through her facings. After much persuasion, her sisters got her to play and sing. She played well enough, not in concert style to be sure, but none of us were critical or hard to please. I asked for something from the "Liederschatz," and she gave us "Der Tyroler und sein Kind" in fair style.

"She's been taking lessons two years and that's the only tune she knows," said Miss Brown Hair teasingly.

But this was a libel on the fair pianiste, and she showed it to be without foundation by singing several others, which was probably what that artful minx, Brown-Hair, intended. At last, she declared that it was somebody else's turn, and I tried to induce Brown Hair to take her place. No, she couldn't and wouldn't sing.

"Then you play, don't you?"

"I play in the kitchen," said the pert thing.

And so the evening went. It was half past ten before I knew where I was. I got up and apologized for keeping them up so late, for they were not city girls who can afford to turn day into night; they must be astir long before daylight next morning. After many protests that it was early, and so on, Pale Face brought Jacob. We said good-night and I followed my guide to my chamber in the second storey. It was tidy and clean like the rest of the inn, but cold as Greenland. There was no fire, and the lamp showed the window panes all furry with frost. But after toasting by that coal stove all evening, I was almost impervious to the cold. In a few moments I was between the blankets and sound asleep.

Next morning I resumed my journey. Early as it was, I was the only one at breakfast; the other boarders had finished their meal and dispersed. Miss Pale Face waited on me, but I did not see the others. When I came to settle with Jacob, I was surprised at the smallness of my bill. I am ashamed to say how little I paid for my entertainment, but he would not take more. Then the stage lumbered up to the door and I embarked again. All that day in the cold I kept pondering, by very force of contrasts, the incidents of my pleasant evening, and wished in vain that such another hostelry would greet me at the day's end. Since that day I have never seen Krahwinkel, though it is much easier of access now. The stage no longer runs and a spur of railway connects the little village with the rest of the great iron net-work of the province. Sometimes I have wished to go back and find out how Jacob and his pretty daughters flourished; discover if they ever succeeded in coaxing him to give up the tavern; and, if so, what has become of it and them? Is it kept as of yore? Or has some one taken it off Schmidt's lands and allowed him to retire? At any rate, I have never found harbourage like it anywhere, and I note it as a curious survival of old-fashioned comfort and hospitality. Again, I was afraid to return, lest what I saw might spoil my recollections of that pleasant winter's evening long ago. Sometimes I have doubts as to whether Krahwinkel or its hostelry ever really existed. It is my "Schloss Boncourt." Every detail of the room and every feature of my entertainers' fresh faces is plain before me at this moment, and yet I have a desolate sort of conviction that there is not a stone of it remaining, and that the plough scores long furrows over the site of that old time, wayside inn.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Waiting.

Drifts my boat so softly,
Floating down the stream,
Lulled to visioned slumber
Here might poets dream.

Yet my sky is hazy,
Chill the water touch,
And the landscape's pictures
Please not overmuch.

Can the air be sweet, love,
Can the sky be blue
While we may not meet, love,
While I wait for you?

Deeper grows the twilight,
Creeping silently;
O'er the glistening waters
Strong the shadows lie.

All the air is lovely,
Even the water-spray
Dashing o'er the boulders
Seemeth sad to-day.

Even the tall white birches,
Yesterday so fair,
Seem like spectres standing
In the empty air.

Come, my own, and gladden
All my spirit's day;—
Drear would e'en be heaven
If you were away.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

A Lay of Canada.

DOMINION DAY IDYLL.

Time was when man to man we stood in strife;
Sword clashed on sword, crimsoned with ghastly gore,—
And orphans mourned, and widows wailed their dead,
While weeping earth strewed leaves her slaughtered
children o'er.

And old men joyed to tell where foe met foe;
Where death or glory claimed the dauntless brave;
And boyhood loved to list the stirring tale,
Or seek the grassy mound that marked the soldier's
grave.

Long years have passed, and smoothed those furrows down
That rugged hands once raised to hide the slain;
But now we battle on a bloodless field,
And strive to build one mighty land from main to main.

Our fathers built those monuments of stone,
To tell what France had lost and England won;
Their children we—let us a nobler raise,
Founded on land and sea,—the fairest 'neath the sun.

From Labrador to fair Vancouver's Isle,
From Erie's shore, far as the Arctic seas,
One banner's folds wave o'er Canadian homes,
One arm defends our rights and guards our liberties.

No broader streams than ours—no purer skies,—
No richer soil, to yield the yellow grain,—
No statelier trees, to crown the mountain's brow,—
No richer golden robes, to clothe the furrowed plain.

The snarling wolf that prowls around the door,
Where squalid hunger dwells, we know not here;
Our ready fields await but willing hands,
And he that toils in spring shall reap rich autumn's
cheer.

Our seas—our boundless lakes—our crystal streams,
Each yields the ransom of a mighty king;
And countless argosies bear wealth away,
The luxuries of distant lands to homeward bring.

Strong hands have we to sow our fertile plains,—
Strong arms to reap the grain, or delve the mine,—
To draw forth treasures from the yielding deep,
Or midst the forest shades to fell the costly pine.

Who till and reap the glebe can also fight;
The hand that guides the plough may train the gun;
And arms that swing the axe shall wield the sword,
To guard and keep our sacred gifts from sire to son.

'Tis sweet, in springtide hours, to sow the seed
That hope assures shall yield a hundred fold;
'Tis sweet to drive your loving herds afield,
Or glean the valued treasures of your bleating fold.

'Tis sweet, on summer morn, e'er dews have fled,
To pluck the luscious fruit from bush or tree;
To breathe the fragrance of the opening flowers,
And list the "wood-notes-wild" of bird-life melody.

When Autumn paints the land with living gold;
When gorgeous hues adorn the maple leaves,
Our harvest songs resound from hill to dale,
Our ample barns groan with the weight of teeming
sheaves.

Has sport its charms? A thousand streams invite
To ply the rod and line with "Walton" skill;
The soft winds sigh—fast leap the speckled Trout,
With glittering gems, the Angler's heart and creel to fill.

Hid in the slimy depths of sedgy pool,
Watching his prey, the Maskilongé lies;
While Lake St. John's broad waters woo us there,
With lure of far-famed Quinaniche, a lordly prize.

Would'st thou meet foe more worthy of thy steel?
Go where the Caspædia frets and boils;
Some "Salmo Salar," fresh from briny waves,
That missed a Princess' barb, may swell thy princely
spoils!

'Tis Spring! Sweet Spring! and weary hearts are glad,
Once more the fragrance of the woods to greet;
Age, joyous at the change, the sunbeam seeks,
And by the hawthorn tree the youthful lovers meet.

Hark! the masked waterfall now bursts its chains,
As lower sink the fields of melting snow;
All nature wakes from winter's icy sleep,
And where swept biting hail, the south winds gently
blow.

And land and sea, alive with new-born life,
Their absent welcome back with open arms;
The fields are clothed anew with glorious green,
And budding flower and tree display their rival charms.

And if swift-whirring wings your fancy please,
A Sportsman's Paradise awaits you here;
Who gleams our game, regrets not Scottish hills,
Nor longs his skill, once more, to try on English mere.

Ah! list the music of the whistling wings,
As westward sweeps the long-extended corps;
Our own Outarde revisits well known haunts,
And the loud quack rings out anew from sea to shore.

The canvas-back a double zest affords,
And yields a dish to "set before a king;"
And where the north-shore streams rush to the sea,
Here the rare Harlequin shoots past on rapid wing.

To Grondine's flats the Ibis yet returns;
The snowy Goose loves well the sedgy shore;
Loud booms the Bittern 'midst the clust'ring reeds,
And the famed Heron nests on pine top as of yore.

If shapely form and splendour charm the eye,
The graceful Wood Duck claims fair beauty's prize;
No gorgeous plumes like his adorn the crest;
No lovelier shades could feathers yield or sparkling eyes.

The shady copse the wary Woodcock haunts;
From Château Richer's swamps the Snipe upstrings;
Ontario's fields know well the scurrying Quail,
And o'er the glassy lake the Loon's weird laughter rings.

Afar 'midst forest glades, where Red Men lie,
On mossy log the Ruffed Grouse strut and drum;
The plump Tetrao courts the spruce tree's shade;
And spotless Ptarmigan with boreal tempests come.

Resplendent thro' the grove the Turkey roams,
And lends a deeper grace to Christmas cheer;
Our silvery lakes still claim the graceful Swan;
And o'er the uplands shrill the Plover's pipe we hear.

Or come, where far on rolling Western plains
Beneath the brushwood Sagefowl snugly lie;
And Prairie Hens rush boldly at the foe,
Their cow'ring brood to shield, as swoops the Falcon by.

A hunter thou! The grim Bear courts thy skill,
And fearless roams ere yet he seeks his den;
His glossy robes might grace triumphal car,—
His pearly spoils proclaim the rank of dusky men.

The Wolf, still tireless tracks his victim's trail;
The prowling Lynx, like sleuth-hound wends his way;
And by the well-worn path the Carcajou
Drops, from his hidden perch, upon th' unwary prey.

Sly Reynard follows where the startled Hare
Darts thro' the matted elders like a gleam;
And the sleek Otter on his titbits dines,
Nor dreads the Hound's loud bark upon his lonely
stream.

Far from men's haunts the Beaver builds his dam
And pond'rous mound, to keep him safe from harm;
His larder filled with choicest winter stores,—
Cold winds may bite and blow, his lair is soft and warm.

Thro' rushing chute and pool the Fisher swims;
And Mink and Martin sport right merrily;
While overhead the angry Squirrel chides,
And warns the rude intruder from his nut-stored tree.

And when the maple trees are stripped and bare,—
When land and stream with snow are mantled o'er,—
When light toboggans down the mountains sweep,
And the bold skater skims the lake from shore to shore.

Then don thy snowshoes, grasp thy rifle true;
The timid Red Deer thro' the forest bounds,—
The wary Caribou rests on the frozen lake,
And browse the mighty Moose upon their endless rounds.

These all and more await the hunter's skill;
Such trophies well our antlered halls adorn;
Their shining coats may win a golden prize,
Or keep us snug and warm amid the winter storm.

But yet, possessed of aught that hands could win,
Or all that pleasure puts within our ken,
We joy to know a nobler gift is ours,—
We own the heaven-sent heritage of freeborn men.

No tyrant will shall filch one right away,
Or break one tie that makes our land "Sweet Home;"
No nobler flag than ours floats o'er the free;
No happier spot we greet, where'er our footsteps roam.

Prepared to guard those rights, we fear no foe;
True patriot arms are freedom's strongest shields;
No rebel hordes we brook within our bounds,
No hostile foot shall touch unscathed our peaceful fields.

Curs'd be the hand would sow rude discord here!
Curs'd be the heart would kindle hostile fires!
One Queen—one home—one kindred tie we own,
And we will guard these well, as did our noble sires.

Joy ever be to him who lives to pour
On troubled, angry waves, the peaceful oil!
Joy to that man who loves to foster peace,
And deep the hatchet buries in the kindly soil!

Then, on this day, as brothers brethren meet,—
As mothers wish God-speed to gallant boy,—
Our fair Dominion we with gladness greet,
Till Halifax's cheer awakes Vancouver's joy!
Chaudière Basin, Que. DUNCAN ANDERSON, M.A.

Arab Horses as Hunters.

The Hon. Etheldred Dillon has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Field*, in which she insists strongly on the value of Arab blood in hunters. By quoting the size of various Arab horses used as hunters, Miss Dillon disposes of the contention that such horses might fairly be classed as ponies. She continues:—"As regards their suitability as ponies, I must first ask, what is a hunter? If the answer is, 'A horse that will carry you anywhere and over everything, through deep plough, over rough ground, and at the end of the day come in bright and cheerful, and eat up his corn and look fit to do as much again next day,' then I answer that the Arab is essentially a hunter. I

have, for the last three years, been hunting in a back country (the Portman and Blackmoor Vale), and never passed a place any other horse could jump too stiff for my Arabs. This year I find them equally clever in the Heythrop country over walls and flying fences. The little horse El Emir on one occasion was required to give a jumping lesson to a mare who was about to compete for a jumping prize. A jump had been constructed measuring 18 feet from take-off to landing, and this little horse cleared it in cold blood three times running without the slightest hesitation. Two years ago, on February 14, there was a long and a very severe run from Motcombe with the Portman hounds, over a very deep country with big fencing. Only eight horses were up at last, one of them being *Maidan*, a well-known Arab, carrying nearly 13 stone, and being then nineteen years old. The other day he carried the same weight in a long run in Suffolk, and I hear that he had the legs of everything in the plough. He is now twenty-one years old. Surely such horses are hunters if these is any meaning in the word. Then of the English-bred Arabs my mare Raschida is a bright example. She is 15.2 in height, and has a long shoulder, great bone, and powerful quarters; she is up to a good weight, and she can simply jump anything, and is a very fast galloper. She is at present the only pure-bred Arab mare in the Hunters' Stud Book. To try her jumping powers two hurdles were tied together, and she and two other Arabs were jumped over them. The others cleared all right; but when Raschida's turn came she went over with a foot to spare. Then look at the endurance and constitution of the Arab. Barring accidents you can hunt on them day after day. My three-year old colt has carried my groom for several long days this year, and has come in as cheerful as possible. On one occasion he was out for ten hours, and showed no signs of fatigue; and they are nearly always docile, affectionate, and, above all, most intelligent, never losing their heads if anything goes wrong. Twice I should have been crushed to death but for my horse minding my voice and remaining motionless till I could disengage myself. On another occasion a friend got hung by her habit. Her horse stood like a statue till she was righted."

The Wrongs of Savage Races.

It has taken a good many generations for the European races to discover that men of a different colour have an equal right to be treated with justice. We have improved off the face of the earth the aboriginal inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand. The red man is disappearing from the forest and the prairie like the bison, the Hottentots and Caffres of the Cape have been decimated by imported small pox and cheap alcohol. If the Otaheitan have gained in civilization, they have paid heavily for it at the expense of their vitality, which "a new band of fevers" brought from Europe has steadily lowered. Wherever civilized man has come into contact with savage races the latter have gone to the wall. There are forces working behind progress that must be understood and obeyed, or else woe to those who ignore and disregard them, for ignorance is death. Even some diseases that civilized man treats as trifling become dangerous and often deadly when conveyed amongst a barbarous and primitive people. We have, therefore, if we are candid, to confess to the infliction of innumerable wrongs on the savage nations and tribes whom we have met in our colonising efforts. The expansion of England has meant the destruction of the weak races unable to bear inoculation with the blessings of civilization. Missionaries may have often acted as an anodyne, but it is at least questionable whether their teachings have always compensated for the evils of poisonous spirits and cheap firearms that everywhere have followed the pioneers of new colonies. But we are at last beginning to recognize the truth, and a dormant conscience is awakening. African races in the heart of the Dark Continent—in number, many millions—will soon be brought into close contact with the evils civilization has already spread all round the coast, and we are debating what sort of protection we must offer them against ourselves. Now the negro is not, like the red man of America or the fragile Polynesian, easily destroyed. But he can be degraded and brutalized with drink, for it will, we think, be admitted that a drunken savage—even if he be on occasion a devourer of his enemies—is more repulsive than a sober one. A taste for alcohol is acquired with lightning speed, and the dull brain of the African is unable to see any evil in the widest divergence from the paths of sobriety. The English South African Company has undertaken to regulate the traffic in intoxicating liquors within the territories under their influence, and to prevent their sale to the natives. We are sure the obligation required by the charter licensing them will be strictly adhered to, though we fear that slowly but surely, in spite of strenuous efforts, a taste for the excitement produced by alcohol will follow our footsteps. The Mohammedan slave-hunters, whatever their cruelties may be, eschew spirits themselves, and never import them amongst the few bales of goods in which they traffic with those negro tribes too powerful to be exploited for the slave marts. The Soudanese are devout followers of Islam, and in fermented liquors they see perdition. Wherever the Arab blood is found, the Mussulman is sober, at all events. But it is different with the negro. For many years the African native has been "between the devil and the deep sea." On one side the Christian trader has offered cheap and poisonous spirits, on the other he has been kidnapped by well-armed African man-hunters.—*Notts Daily Express*.



PICTOU, NOVA-SCOTIA: VIEW FROM THE HARBOUR. (Munro, photo.)



VIEW OF PICTOU, SHEWING HARBOUR, MIDDLE AND WEST RIVERS, ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH AND CUSTOM HOUSE.
(McLennan, photo.)



VIEW OF PICTOU, SHEWING WEST END OF TOWN. (McLennan, photo.)



VIEW ON PRINCES STREET, PICTOU. (McLennan, photo.)



Don't seek relief for burns by the use of cold water; if nothing else is obtainable use warm water; better still, keep the part wet with sweet oil.

TO MAKE ROSE-WATER.—When the roses are in full bloom pick the leaves carefully off, and to every quart of water put a peck of rose leaves. Put these in a still over a slow fire, and distil gradually. Bottle the distilled water; let it stand in the bottle three days, and then cork it close.

ASPARAGUS SAUCE.—Stew one pound of tender asparagus, in barely enough water to cover them. When tender drain off the water and cover them with sweet, rich cream, mashing them up thoroughly. add a large tablespoonful of fresh butter, salt and pepper to taste. Simmer gently for a few moments.

In dressing baby see that the whole of his garments are moderately loose. Allow plenty of room for the blood to circulate, so that every part of the body may be nourished—plenty of room for all the organs to perform their work—plenty of room for the little fellow to stretch himself to kick and to sprawl, and thus to strengthen himself and develop muscle.

POTATO SCALLOP WITH CHEESE.—Six cold potatoes sliced or diced and covered, in layers, with a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and two of flour, one cupful of milk and one of stock. Season with salt, pepper and four large spoonfuls of grated cheese. When the dish is nearly full sprinkle the top with sifted crumbs and bits of butter, and brown.

A novel and pleasant mode of cooking a steak is to choose it rather thin, and cut it in pieces weighing 3oz. or 4 oz. each. Make a seasoning of bread crumbs, minced onions, herbs, pepper and salt, moistening it with stock or a beaten egg. Spread this on each piece of meat, roll up, and secure with twine. Now put a few slices of bacon at the bottom of a stew-pan, lay in the steak, then more slices of bacon; pour over all a cup of stock; cover closely, and simmer slowly till tender.

THE OLD-TIME POPULAR POPPETS.—Poppets, as they were called from their tendency to burst open at top, were an exceeding popular breakfast bread. Put into your sifter one teacupful of cornmeal, one teacupful of wheat flour; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of fine white sugar, one teaspoonful of salt; sift all in a deep dish and rub in a tablespoonful of butter. Beat one egg quite light in a basin and add to it one pint of sweet rich milk. Turn the meal, etc., into the milk and beat rapidly three minutes. It may need a little more milk as all flour does not mix alike; it should make a batter easily poured. Put in well greased gem pans and bake in a quick oven half an hour.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

The extremes of fashion seem at last to have met—the ancient and modern. If Romeo chanced to return to this prosaic nineteenth century he would find many a fair damsel clad in the soft, clinging costume of his Juliet. And now that the warm weather has commenced, the many light dainty dresses that are seen are wondrously pretty. Although some elaborate costumes are shown for the street, yet for the most refined, the dresses are as usual rather simple; but great care is taken with the cut, making and draping of them.

For house dresses, however, the taste may rove at will—talking about house dresses, reminds us of those hideous wrappers in which so many women indulge and which give them that slovenly appearance that is always associated with leads and curl papers, but they have had their day, and the French idea is now beginning to take their place—a plain, straight, untrimmed skirt, made of tennis flannel or any other pretty goods, with a shirt or yoke waist, and a blouse that closes with one or three pearl buttons. There is not a woman, no matter how small her income may be, who cannot look as sweet and pretty at her breakfast table as later on in the day. And she certainly owes it to her husband and children to do so. Of course for semi-invalids, wrappers will always be a boon, and at the same time it must be confessed that there are some exceedingly dainty wrappers which always look well.

If you want to get an expensive and perfectly charming dress, for the summer, nothing is such good value for money spent as an embroidered Swiss muslin. A good one with hem stitched border and the skirt covered almost to the waist with the fine close embroidery which is always the test of the genuine hand worked. Swiss white, of course, is the first choice, but there are some really beautiful dresses in colours. One is of heliotrope lawn embroidered in white, another in old rose, and yet another style in green. The embroidery on the united fabrics is always white, but a novelty this year is black embroidery on white, and what is still prettier, old rose and pink on sheer white lawn. All these dresses are charming, and the edging and "all over" embroidery comes with them to match. In having them made up, by all means avoid the yoke, which has been relegated by common consent to the nursery and the morning dress. A

surplice waist is by far the prettiest style for dressy summer gowns, and such a bodice is always appropriate for the evening. One very pretty dress which was seen lately was of cream-coloured Swiss, with perfectly plain four yard wide skirt, which showed to advantage the fine embroidery; surplice bodice with rest of "all over" embroidery let in, and folds of the same embroidery as the skirt crossing over the bust and hidden under the belt which was of cream-coloured India silk, with long sash ends. The sleeves had cuffs almost elbow deep, of "all over," and the upper part was of the Swiss, and made very full, with one shirr between the shoulder and the elbow which confined the fullness into a puff.

To cut the skirt of a dress is becoming as much of an art as bodice management, for draperies, simple as they look, produce their effects in more and more complicated ways. Some beautiful dresses, embodying the latest artistic features, were worn at a recent reception. One of these was a gray crepe Greek gown, whose long, graceful draperies fell from the shoulders in a way that made its wearer look as one might imagine Helen to have appeared when she stole Paris's heart away from him. Another gray gown was a beautiful silver brocade worn with antique silver ornaments by a tall, gray-haired lady, whose complexion was as perfect in its pink and white fairness as that of a child. Gray silk and gauze blending as clouds melt into one another combined to form a third exquisite costume. Pale yellow *mousseline de soie* was worn by a dark-haired girl with sash of *crêpe de Chine* and garniture of orchids.

For young ladies' wear the printed *crêpe de Chine* are shown in great variety. These crepes are certainly to be much worn this summer. They appear in every guise and may be had at every price. Floral designs predominate among them, alternating with stripes. Laces and many lovely thin materials, such as these crepes and *mousselines de soie*, etc., will be used for draperies this summer in moderation; so that we need not be all straight lines.

A very new skirt, which is both quaint and pretty, is the girdle skirt. The basque is put on first, and then the skirt drawn over it and fastened by hooks and loops—the joining is hidden by a girdle of black silk cord fastened at the left side and hanging nearly to the foot of the dress. The skirt should be plain, except for tucks or stitching around the bottom, and the basque is trimmed in any style becoming to the wearer. This is an especially pretty fashion for slight girlish figures.

The old-fashioned "leg-o'-mutton" sleeve is worn again, while the bishop sleeve (which may be as showy as one pleases) will doubtless be very popular with many. It should be remembered that all the sleeves are high and full over the shoulder.

The novelty of the season for bride's dresses is a *tablier de mousseline chiffon*, embroidered in festoons of pearls and white silver-lined beads about clusters of Rhine-stones that glitter as diamonds. This rich drapery is made up with a Sicilienne train and panels of orange blossoms down the side. The low bodice has bosom drapery and soft short sleeves of the *chiffon* with a Swiss girdle of pearls and Rhine-stones. This elegant dress was worn at an evening wedding at home, and the pretty gown worn by the maid of honour was of plain white *chiffon mousseline*, made very full over silk, with a belt of the new open patterned silver braid, and a garniture of small pink blossoms. The low full bodice, entirely without seams, was made of a breadth of the very wide *mousseline*, the selvages meeting in the back, the fulness gathered in a puff and a standing double ruffle about the neck, then drawn to the middle of the front and back at the waist line, and covered there by the silver belt. The sleeves fell in soft puffs nearly to the elbow. A vine of blossoms was set in the puffs around the neck, and a thicker vine formed a panel down one side of the full skirt. The silver belt, two inches wide, passed plainly around the front of the waist and crossed behind with two short ends held by a strap.

Blue is more fashionable than it has been for twenty years. Peacock tints are not popular, but turquoise, navy, sky and the old blue shades are very popular just now. The navy is selected for yachting, field sports and travelling dresses, and the little blazer is frequently lined with facings of white. Another fancy is the blue cashmere or serge walking dress girdled with a gold belt.

Of all the torturing fads which women are continually inventing in the fond hope of beautifying themselves, probably the most ingeniously harrowing has lately come into vogue. The initiative was taken by a girl, who, although otherwise fairly pretty, had eyes which by reason of their smallness somewhat marred her face. She had plenty of pluck and an inordinate desire for good looks, so she paid a visit to a well-known oculist and paralyzed him by calmly stating that she wished to have her eyelids cut. He at first demurred, but she overcame all his arguments, and the operation was performed. The lids were washed with cocaine to remove their sensitiveness, and a slit about an eighth of an inch in length was made on the outer edge, thus elongating its natural size. Lotions were applied, and the girl went her way rejoicing, with directions to pull apart the wounds a number of times a day, so as to prevent them from closing as before. The operation was remarkably successful, and a number of the young woman's friends have tried it, so that the operation now forms quite an important branch of the practice of the oculist who first performed it.

London's latest lion is Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett, daughter of the late Prof. Fawcett, who won the highest honours at the June examinations at Cambridge University. Her victory in the mathematical tripos at Cambridge in which she came out 300 marks above the senior wrangler,

has been more discussed than any other single topic. Men of science find in it a new proof of the doctrine of heredity, both the father and mother of this young lady possessing exceptional mental qualities. Even society interests itself in such a phenomenon, and at Lord Hartington's garden party, at Devonshire House, Miss Fawcett, who was present with her mother, was pointed out frequently and admiringly.

Florence Nightingale is almost heart-broken by the death of her young sister, Lady Verney, which occurred a short time ago in London. The philanthropy and goodness of Lady Verney made her better known among the working women, the shop girls and the hospitals for incurables and cripples than her famous sister. She had a most beautiful house in Claydon, where Sir Harry Verney indulged every taste and wish of his devoted wife. During the season it was the resort of fashion and beauty, and in the summer hundreds of poor working women, shop girls and housemaids came self-invited, with sickness and distress for an apology, to spend their vacation. At times the demands of these heart-sick and bodily worn women tried the resources of her house, but in fine weather porticoes were canopied and the lawn tented for the accommodation of the strongest visitors. No matter how great the imposition of charity Lady Verney never permitted herself to be annoyed and no one was ever heard to speak of her but in terms of the most beautiful praise. Her best work took the form of credentials, letters of introduction and notes to influential people who, on her recommendation, provided temporary if not permanent occupation.

A great deal of curiosity has been expressed by critics on Sir Edwin Arnold's new epic poem on Christianity upon which he has spent all his leisure. He conceived it before he wrote "The Light of Asia," and subsequently he travelled through the Holy Land, visiting all the places memorable in sacred story. He has seen all the places which he describes in his poem. His study of Mary Magdalene is said to be as masterly as it is exquisite. The poem, which reached 6,000 lines, will first be published in America, but what publisher will capture the prize is uncertain. Sir Edwin has received an offer of \$100,000 from a leading syndicate, but it is probable he will publish it in book form. He has worked almost continuously on it for six months, living in the native quarter of Tokio and learning the Japanese language from two pretty girls whom he taught in return English.

Bibles Before Printing.

Undoubtedly Bibles were scarce in those days; but we are not hastily to conclude that wherever there existed no single book called a Bible, the contents of the Bible were unknown. The canon of Scripture was settled, indeed, as it is now, but the several parts of which the Bible consists were considered more in the light of separate and independent books than they are by us. So copying all these books was a great undertaking, and even when there was no affectation of calligraphy or costly ornament, and when we reduce the exaggerated statements about the price of materials to something reasonable, it was not only a laborious but a very expensive matter. Of course, writing and printing are very different things. I do not pretend to speak with accuracy (for it would require more trouble than the thing is worth), but I am inclined to suppose that at this day a copy of our English Bible, paid for at the rate at which law stationers pay their writers for common fair copy on paper would cost between sixty and seventy pounds for the writing only; and, further, that the scribe must be both expert and industrious to perform the task in much less than ten months. It must be remembered, however, that the monasteries contained (most of them some, and many a considerable number of) men who were not to be paid by their work or their time, but who were officially devoted to the business. Of this, however, I hope to say more hereafter, and to show that there was a considerable power of multiplication at work. In the meantime I mention these circumstances merely as reasons why we should not expect to meet with frequent mention of whole Bibles in the Dark Ages. Indeed, a scribe must have had some confidence in his own powers and perseverance who should have undertaken to make a transcript of the whole Bible, and that (except under particular circumstances), without any adequate motive, supposing him to have practised his art as a means of subsistence. For those who were likely to need and to reward his labours either already possessed some part of the Scriptures, and therefore did not require a transcript of the whole, or, if it was their first attempt to possess any portion, there were but few whose means or patience would render it likely that they should think of acquiring the whole at once. It is obvious, too, that when copies of parts had been multiplied, that very circumstance would lead to the transcription of other parts which would comparatively seldom be formed into one volume. We may well imagine that a scribe would prefer undertaking to write a Pentateuch, or, adding the two next books, a Heptateuch, or, with one more, an Octateuch, or a Psalter, or a Textus containing one or more of the Gospels, or a Book of Proverbs, or a set of the Canonical Epistles, or some one or other of the portions into which the Bible was at that time very commonly divided. Of these I hope to speak hereafter, and only mention their existence now as one reason why we are not to take it for granted that all persons who did not possess what we call 'a Bible' must have been entirely destitute and ignorant of the Holy Scriptures.—Rev. Dr. Maitland, F.R.S.

RECOLLECTIONS.

BEING PART OF A PAPER READ BEFORE L'INSTITUT CANADIEN, QUEBEC, 1877, BY THE LATE HON. P. J. O. CHAUVEAU.

[Translated by Mrs. S. A. CURZON.]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—A dozen years ago our good city of Quebec possessed two literary publications—the *Soirées Canadiennes* and the *Foyer Canadien*. Between these two existed a mortal rivalry, so mortal, indeed, that both died of it.

My intimate friend, Mr. Charles Taché, was the head of one of the two phalanxes of collaborators which, before the establishment of the *Foyer*, had been but one. To tell the truth, he was himself the general, the advance guard, the army and reserve of the *Soirées Canadiennes*. Good reason had he, therefore, to call for help. Thus it happened that he made to me, then a Montrealer, a most touching appeal. I had been but a lukewarm friend if I had not done my best to go to his assistance at a time he was showing a courage so heroic.

Only he took it into his head to require that I should write in the language of the gods.

Now, however good one's intentions may be, one cannot even write bad verse very readily when one has charge of a Public Department with an income of a thousand pounds. I think it must be the income that is the gravest obstacle.

To please my friend, I sacrificed a few coins that I had kept in my pocket book a long time, and which ought perhaps to have stayed there; but that did not suffice at all. He wanted much more, and, as he is one of those men who stick at nothing, he sent me the outlines of some Legends of the Land, with orders that I should fill them in and put them all into rhyme within the space of a few weeks. I got to work, and remembering D'Alembert, of whom Voltaire says:

"He judged himself a fine fellow and wrote a preface,"

for better or worse, I first prepared my prologue.

I was foolish enough to inform my friend that I had done so. One is always in a hurry to boast of that sort of thing. Each week he wrote me to let him have, if not the legends, at least the prologue. Now, inspiration did not come, and I knew very well that if once I let go the prologue, I should have to continue to the end. So I delayed, and during my long and well-advised delay, the *Soirées* died. I addressed my most sincere condolences to my friend, and my yet more hearty congratulations to myself.

At a later period I found myself in circumstances more favourable to literary recreation, if not to poetic inspiration, to the pursuit of rhyme and measure and the making of verse—an amusement which serves one on a pinch as well as another. I have said, it is true, the outlines of the legends, but I had still the famous prologue, which, it seemed to me, lamented its loneliness and forlorn condition. Then there recurred to me the stories I had listened to in my childhood, and, I know not why nor wherefore, those good old recollections clothed themselves in Alexandrines, a noble garb, though, perhaps, worn a little awkwardly—overrunning and mingling rhymes at haphazard as it were, and lending itself to a host of licenses more or less tolerated in modern prosody.

I diverted myself with more than the mere stories also. I saw arise again a world long departed. I imagined I saw and heard the good old little great aunt who had recited for me numberless tales, and who died, at a moment when she least expected, at the age of eighty-seven. She was so lively, so gay, so good, so pious, so charitable; she rose so readily and so briskly every morning, good weather or bad, to go to five o'clock Mass. She believed so positively all those terrible tales she had learned from her husband, or the other hunters who had held the king's posts, as she said, in the Isle of Anticosti in the midst of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or even at Saint Amand, on the north shore, where she had passed a portion of her life. I thought also that I listened once more to my grandfather's good old serving-man, an old *voyageur* of the Far West, a man of a colossal stature, who carried me in his arms to school, and regarded me as a perfect little wonder because I could spell for him the shop-signs.

Of an evening, after my mother had read to the servants out of the "Lives of the Saints," he would tell me a story or sing me a song. In his travels he had contracted a singular habit—that of passing whole hours in the most profound silence, seated upon the step of a stair, his head bowed on his hands and his elbows on his knees. He called this *juggling*. Undoubtedly he thus recalled before his mind his journeys in the far-off regions, the dangers he had run, the privations he had endured, also the wild pleasures to which he had abandoned himself, together with his comrades. Having become a farmer and the father of a family, he nevertheless regretted the old adventurous life, for after his *jugglings* he was always morose and less good-natured than usual. Beyond this he was an excellent fellow, straightforward and religious. Every afternoon he might be seen at church on his knees close to the holy water font, a red handkerchief thrown over his head, a wide sash of a hundred tints round his waist, and telling his beads most assiduously. Only—every autumn when the hunters and raftsmen filled the city, it was impossible to hold him. He was sure to be off treating and being treated by some old acquaintance, and making a regular holiday of it.

In summer it would be upon the steps of the Petite Rue du Trésor that the fine fellow gave his audiences, and he always had plenty of listeners besides me. When I had

been very good I was allowed to stay with him and listen until eight o'clock, and I was careful to be pretty nearly always good, for they threatened that if I was not I should be sent to bed under the *Big Tree*.

This *big tree* was the elm, more than two centuries old, under which it was said Champlain had pitched his tent. Born a pagan and converted to Catholicism, it long formed a part of the garden of the good Recollet Fathers; but it is already several years since it died a good Protestant. Its contemporary, Madame de la Pellerie's ash, which still remained near to the cloister of the Ursulines in 1867, was the last survivor of the virgin forest that once covered the promontory of Stadacona.

What a splendid tree was Champlain's elm! Its roots spreading underneath the neighbouring houses, its magnificent dome of verdure rose majestically between the towers of the two cathedrals. The maples, the oaks and the lindens, with which they have endeavoured to replace it in the English churchyard, can never approach to its magnificence. One morning it was lighter than usual in our house. It was because during the night a storm had torn away half of the old tree; and thus it is sometimes that light comes in upon us at the cost of that which was our happiness! Later on neighbours over-timid or over-careful, secured the completion of the destruction the storm had begun.

With Champlain's elms have departed myriads of birds, birds that it seems to me we have seen none such since. They were of every plumage and every note, and, I used to think, of every land. I should be sorry to appear unjust towards Colonel Rhodes' little sparrows; but to me they can never replace the lovely birds of long ago.

They say that Quebec is not changed! It is an odious compliment they would pay the good old city. It is like the polite remark that two old folks pay each other who have not met for years. "Why, you are not changed at all!" And then each says to himself: "Good heavens! How he has aged! God be praised, I do not look as bad as that!"

Quebec not changed! That is well enough to say to one born yesterday, to the newly arrived, and to those who have not known Quebec these forty or fifty years. I say nothing with regard to our streets. They are there yet, God be thanked. Narrow enough to give one a little shade on a burning hot day, and to afford a shelter when the north wind of our unmistakable winter blows.

I will not remind you of the beautiful old time signs—of Neptune of the Lower Town and Jupiter of St. John's Place. Alas! where are the gods? The gods are vanished. But there still remains to us one who was a demi-god, a hero, General Wolfe. I do hope that if modern progress, which respects little, forces him down from his niche, the Institut Canadien will hasten to offer its hospitality to this excellent neighbour, and lay aside, in so doing, all national prejudice!

I give you joy of the town-gates demolished, of fortifications falling to ruin.

There still remain to us seven or eight fine old houses of the French period, some convents, monasteries, churches—venerable from their antiquity. But how many other edifices are gone! Above all, what institutions, what usages, what customs, what social traditions do we find no more!

Where are the brilliant regiments which, at four o'clock of a Sunday—we were not such Puritans then as now—paraded at the foot of the Esplanade in sight of all the population of city and suburbs? How well conducted the crowd was, how gayly dressed in the white and lively colours found too loud for the present taste?

The little lads and lasses in their prettiest dresses marshalling themselves along the platform slope, making it look from a distance like a lovely hanging-garden.

The fine bands of music, the handsome officers of the staff on their prancing steeds—their plumes waving and their fine gold epaulettes—there are no longer epaulettes save in the marine—the sappers, with grand beards, who marched in front, and, above all, the imperturbable drum-majors, who knew so cleverly how to flirt their sticks in the air and catch them so adroitly, whose uniforms and whose port were the delight of the crowd. Where shall we find all this now? And the grand mounting-guard at noon, when the band of one of the regiments—then we always had two, without counting the Artillery and the Royal Engineers—could be heard under the windows of the Chateau St. Louis while the other guards were being relieved.

This was the favourite rendezvous of the wealth and fashion of the city on a fine morning. There one first heard all the new airs—"Di Tanti Palpitii" for instance—to be repeated afterwards on every piano in the city. A god-send, too, was it for the day scholars of the Seminary, who were always to be seen there—slates and books under their arms, in thin mufflers, blue coats and sashes of many coloured rays—sashes such as one rarely sees nowadays. Merry groups they were, and got as close as possible to the magic circle formed by Her Majesty's musicians. And Oh! the penances they suffered for listening to the disciples of Euterpe, and, perhaps, for peeping a little at the pretty nymphs and fairies that chattered with the sons of Mars! And, speaking of these scholars, how different things are with them to-day! To say nothing of the reaction, as they call it now—nor of the brilliant examinations under Mr. Holmes, how much there is to say of the seminaristes of the old time. But these ought to have an essay all to themselves.

There was almost always a students' corps, in memory, no doubt, of the students of Cap Tourmente, or of the famous *corps des écoliers*, so noted in our history. They

paraded in the great yard with wooden guns, tin sabres, flags flying and drums beating. One of their great recreations in the winter was to attend funerals in their cloaks. There used to be numerous processions that are no longer kept up. They carried the Host to the sick in very solemn state. Now we have no procession but the grand Fête Dieu. Let us hope that this at least will not be relinquished.

The black cloak was a kind of *domino*, not very graceful, I admit, and that gave to the clergy a false air, as of a community of penitents, such as take part in funeral processions in Italy and the South of France. This cloak gave a mournful aspect to our churches during the winter; but when the beautiful Easter days came—when the priests, the students, the choir boys in surplices, with white-powdered heads, made their entry, the general joy was the greater for the contrast with the sombre robes of the winter.

Despite this comfortable garment, we often enough caught cold on our funeral excursions, which was aggravated by a strong paternal remonstrance and a penance for some neglected duty. The compensation consisted in certain coppers paid us by the Board at the year's end. If one was a glutton, these straightway went to the pastry cook; if, on the contrary, a bookworm, the bookseller got his profit out of it. I know some persons who are very proud of their fine libraries, who do not dream, perhaps, that to this modest source they owe the fact that they have become bibliophiles.

There was also among the day-scholars a company of firemen. The showy costume it allowed them to put on, the racket that it permitted them to make, went much further than patriotism in the civic ardour they displayed. I remember that this company arrived second on the ground at the fire at the Castle St. Louis on the 23rd of January, 1834, and that the captain, Joseph de Blois, was rewarded in consequence. This organization had but a short existence. Masters and parents found that it involved dangers of more kinds than one: the fire was not always where it was supposed.

While we are upon the subject of fires, what a difference there is between the condition of things then and now! To-day one hears sundry strokes of the bell to tell one where the fire is, and allow one to go to sleep again, seeing it is nowhere near us. Then—first came the rattle and shrill cries of the watchmen, then the drum that beat the call to arms, or the trumpet which sounded a summons as to war, and at length the alarm bell, whose lugubrious volleys continued long after everything was over. Then—daylight or no, fair weather or foul, one had to go, and as it is only the first step that costs, one was sure to find one's-self in the thick of the fuss. A chain formed, the leather buckets were passed from hand to hand and reached the engine, as frequently empty as full; but what matter, there was lots of water to be had, just because there was no waterworks. And Oh! the delightful little supper after it was all over! But I will not detain you with regrets over the thousand things that might appear contemptible in the eyes of such as are blinded by the prejudices of our present civilization. I will say nothing about the splendid stone door-steps that used to encroach upon the street, sometimes reaching right across the sidewalk. Upon these it was that successive generations had gossiped, and had arranged their little affairs; that neighbour had smoked with neighbour, and the good wife had exchanged remedies with her acquaintance. Small wonder, then, at the indignation when the city fathers determined to remove these monuments, the pride of the town! What heroic resistance and what a lot of lawsuits! There still remain those whose cry is: "Our customs, our language, our doorsteps and our joists." The steps are gone, but it is easily maintained that the joists remain.

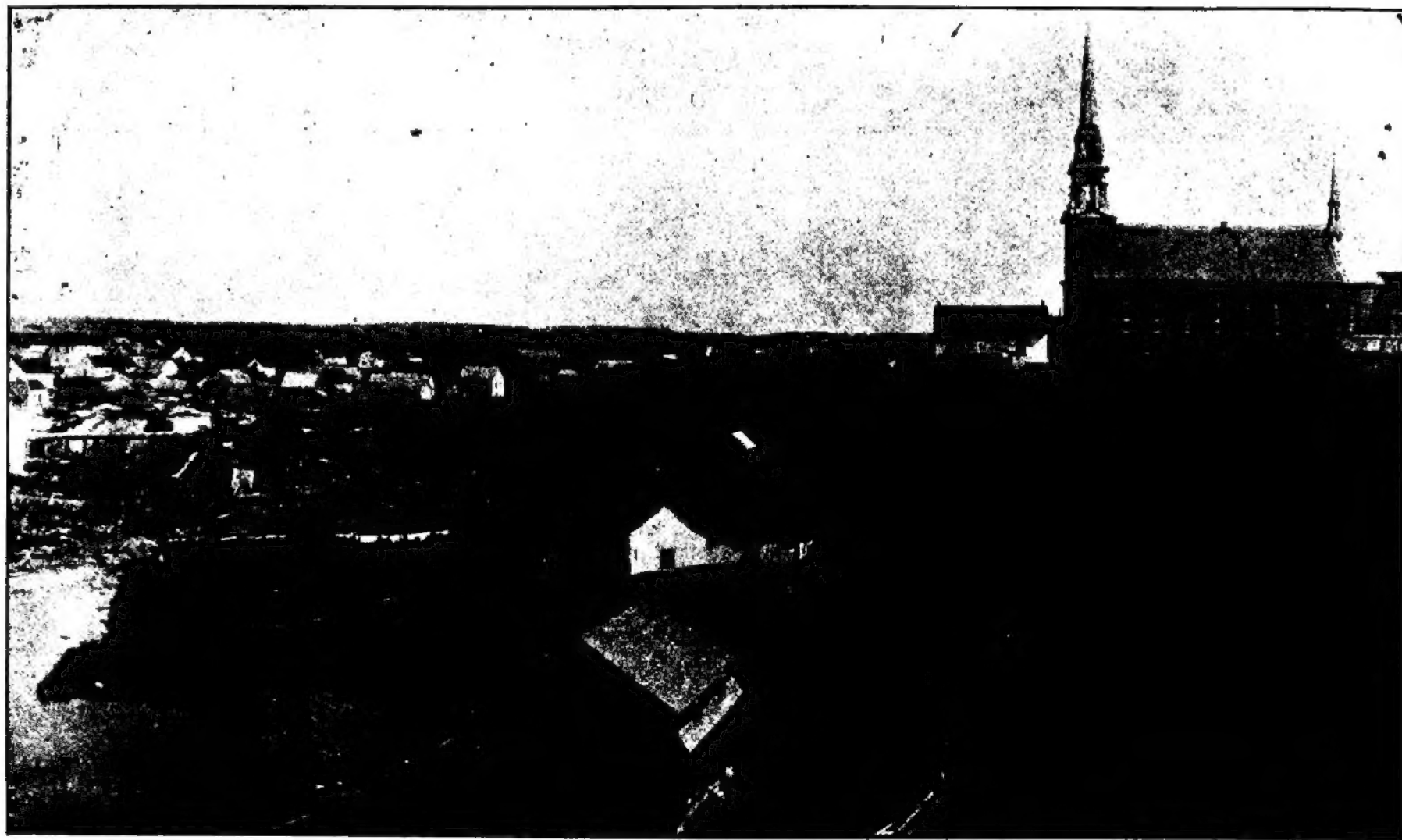
One of the subjects for raillery against our good town used to be the number of dogs drawing little carts that were to be seen in the streets. Even before the advent of the Society for the Protection of Animals, the canine race had obtained its freedom. Is it the happier for it? At any rate it has not reclaimed the right to work, and all the individual members of it are to-day equal before the law. They rejoice in an unparalleled laziness and live entirely at the expense of their masters. How many good folks would like to do the same?

The graceful *calèche* of the good old times is fast disappearing, driven out by vehicles more showy, but which will never have its power of rebound. One ought also to have seen the *voyageurs* and raftsmen, crowded one upon another, with their gay ribbons and their coloured shirts, driving through the city upon one of these rapid cars. It was exactly like what one sees at Naples, and Quebec then resembled the city of the tomb of Virgil. When the last *calèche* shall have wound for the last time up the side of the Lower Town, we may say good-bye to local colour. The Quebec of old will have disappeared. But where are the gay fellows of whom we have spoken, who sang so merrily through our streets, marking the time with an imaginary oar? Had they not the air of such as would say to us in the words of one of our old songs:

"Goodman, Goodman,
Thou art not the master
In thine own house
When we are by."

And where also are the jolly sailors who played at leap frog in the middle of our streets, upset the market women's stalls, gave the wonder-stricken youngsters sticks of barley-sugar and doughnuts, and paid like lords for the damage done?

(To be continued.)



HEBERTVILLE, LAKE ST. JOHN, P.Q. (Livernois, photo.)

A Welcome Gift.

The family of the late Hon. Alex. Morris have presented to the library of the Royal Military College some books written by their father, viz., "Treaties of Canada with the Indians of the North-West" and "Nova Britannia." Besides they have given from their father's library "Southey's Peninsular War" and a large and valuable atlas, showing the movements, battles and sieges in which the British army was engaged, during the war 1808-1814, in the Peninsula and south of France." These latter works have the autograph of Lord Metcalfe on the title page, and were, we believe, presented by him to Mr. Morris's father. It is to be hoped that the College library will be enriched by many more such generous gifts.

Sister Rose Gertrude at Hawaii.

England and the Union published the following letter from Sister Rose Gertrude to the Rev. Hugh Chapman:—"Kalihi Oahu, Hawaiian Islands, March 11.—Reverend and Dear Sir,—I am not going to Molokai, at any rate at present. There is a new leper station here, and the President of the Board of Health says I shall be more useful here. There is no one, and there are 20 poor lepers under the care of Dr. Lutz. Besides this, there are a great many 'suspects,' and here there are children. The doctor says it would be a better work to teach these children and to comfort them in the newness of their grief. I do not think for the present we need anything. Later on we might have some more books, pictures, toys and sweets. I should like some picture-books and any sort of games. I am going to keep some of the presents for Kalihi, and send or take the rest to Molokai. I think this will meet with your approval. The Americans gave a lot of things, too. I should like some lovely English story books for prizes for my little class, and I should like 'Ethel's Book of the Angel' (Burns and Oates), and some tales of martyrs that might help them to bear their martyrdom. Dr. Kimball says I may have some of my children for 20 years. I have a great deal to do and my office to say, so I must end. Aloha.—Ever your grateful and loving friend, SISTER ROSE GERTRUDE." In another letter Sister Rose Gertrude says:—"I have one patient dying, unless Our Lady saves him, of pleuro-broncho-pneumonia, another with an internal complaint, some very bad surgical cases, and 50 ordinary dressings and dispensings three times a day. I make up my own medicines and solves for the most part, and have to wait on the doctor with the patients, so you will understand how busy I am. The patients are very well behaved. We have eight acres of ground, and they live in separate cottages all around. The president took me to Molokai. I kept some of my presents and sent the rest on. I was very glad to

have them the day the examiners came. Some of the 'suspects' were moved on the leper side, and they cried so, because they knew all hope was over. Some are very distressing to look at, and they get into a state of general ill-health, poor things. They feel the parting dreadfully but they say they soon get used to it, once at Molokai."—*London Times*.

Major Mendax Kidnapped.

In the May number of *Temple Bar* there is a sensational story of a man's rescue from the bowels of the earth by the spouting of a geyser. It is entitled "The Puia," and contains the following paragraph:—"Every one has seen a ball or a cork figure kept dancing on the summit of a garden fountain. Now, let there be imagined a stupendous jet, five feet in thickness and fifty feet in height, tossing aloft, in place of the cork ball, a living man! Such was now my situation. There was now the Brobdingagian fountain dancing in the sunlight, and there was I, the veriest pigmy, tossed like a puppet on its colossal crest. What mortal ever found himself in a position so grotesque and yet so terrible?" We are in a position to answer this question. A similar adventure occurred to Major Mendax, and is narrated in the first chapter of his "Hairbreadth Escapes." The chapter is headed "In Suspense." As the same exploit of the Major was printed some years ago in *The Union Jack*, a London periodical, and reproduced in the *Magazine of Short Stories*, in January last, under the title "Saved by a Geyser," it is just possible that the *Temple Bar* story-teller may be more indebted to his memory than his imagination for the idea.—*Halifax Evening Mail*.

Brothers After All.

During the anti-Chinese agitation in the Australian Colonies, not long ago, there were few places in which the child-like and bland immigrant from the Celestial Empire was treated with so much discourtesy, not to say rudeness, as in Bendigo. The Bendigonians are proverbially, however, forgiving folk—so, indeed, must be the Bendigo Chinaman too, when we come to think of it—for at the Easter Fair held in the great mining centre, the other day, the Chinese were permitted to mingle, which they did in sweet profusion, with the white-faced European earth-eaters. The monster procession which passed through the streets of the town included some six hundred Chinese, who were dressed for the occasion in national costume, and carried peculiar musical instruments and quaint weapons. Are they not men and brothers after all?—*Ex.*

Garth Grafton's Triumph.

Under this title, which says a welcome fact, Mr. G. Mercer Adam publishes in the *Saturday Globe*, (June 28) a long and most interesting review of Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan's book, "A Social Departure: How Orthodoxy and I Went Round the World by Ourselves," just published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, of London, and to be issued on this continent by the enterprising firm of the Appletons. The book has been a grand success, a success in which all Canada, and not least Montreal, where Miss Duncan and "Orthodoxy" are so well known, should be proud to share.

HUMOROUS.

MARRIED FLIRT to society belle: I'm so sorry I ever married. Society belle (behind her fan): So am I. Married flirt (eagerly): Is that so my dar— Society belle (sarcastically): Yes, sir; very sorry—for your poor wife.

TOO MANY SISTERS.—"That's all right," he said, as he took up his hat, "but I have got seventeen sisters already. You are now down on the list as the eighteenth. Speaking with a full knowledge of all the facts, some girl has got to stop this one-sided streak of relationship pretty soon or I will disown the whole family."

SOCIAL.—"How sweetly that simple costume becomes your style of beauty dear!" i.e., "Cheap dress suits a silly dowdy." "Yes, capital story I know—but pardon me just a minute, old chap. I think I see Mrs. Mountcashel beckoning me;" i.e., "What an escape! Doesn't button-hole me again to night if I know it."

HOOLEY'S DILEMMA.—Lapse of memory. Lawyer Stanley: You'll have to sign your maiden name to the document, madam. Mrs. Hooley: Be gorry, we've been married that long Oi forget it. Pfwat was it, Pat? Mr. Hooley: Sure, Oi used t' be that attintive to yure cousin Katie Oi'm forgettin' mesilf pfwhich one o' yez Oi married.

A PHLEGMATIC old quarrier, whom nothing could put out, was one day working away when the hat of one of his fellow-workmen blew off and struck the old man on the side of the head, making him jump. "Ha! ha!" laughed the others at seeing this; "that made ye jump, Geordie, at any rate." "Deil a bit," was the calm reply; "I was intendin' to jump onyway."

TEACHER: Benjamin, how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers. Now put down your hand and keep still. I shall hear what you have to say presently. [five minutes later] Now, then, Benjamin, what is it that you wanted to say? Benjamin: There was a tramp in the hall a while ago, and I saw him go off with your gold-headed parasol.